UNDERWORLD 5: LEGACY

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FADE IN:

1 **A FULL MOON** 1

Suspended in INKY BLACKNESS -- Bright and luminescent.

AURORA (V.O.)
You talk of wars in YEARS...we talk of ours in centuries...

WAIT -- That *isn't* the moon -- It's a GIANT ELECTRICAL LIGHT -- One amongst many affixed atop STADIUM SCAFFOLDING, the ROAR of 18,000 FANS leaping to their feet as --

2 **EXT. SOCCER STADIUM - NIGHT** 2

TWO TEAMS engage in sporting combat across a playing field -- Modern day gladiators -- A QUICK PASS up the MIDFIELD, the team's STRIKER kicking the ball, SCORING! An incredible shot.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Gooooaal!

3 **INT. STADIUM CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 3

PATRONS stop to watch the replay on nearby monitors, SHOUTING EXCITEDLY, too distracted to notice as a

FEMALE FIGURE

Punches in a CODE on a STADIUM SECURITY PAD, an OVERSIZED HOODIE covering her body and face like a SHROUD -- THUNK! -- The LOCKED DOOR before her opens.

4 **INT. STADIUM STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT** 4

She HURTLES down stairs, PUNCHING in another code at the bottom -- *We still don't get a good look at her.*

AURORA (V.O.)
All wars have bystanders.
Innocents caught in the crossfire --
But in OUR war...

A DOOR *pops* open to reveal FOUR SECURITY GUARDS.

AURORA (V.O.)
The 'innocent bystanders' are you.

5 **INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 5

The Figure steps through the doorway, peeling back her hoodie, giving us our first LOOK at

AURORA (28)

Otherworldly beauty. Raven hair. Alabaster skin -- And obviously...an *intruder* -- The GUARDS move quickly, surprised to see someone like her down here.

GUARD #1
Okay, miss --

Too late. Aurora is a KINETIC WHIRLWIND. Impossibly precise. No move wasted -- ONE GIRL against FIVE MEN -- The fight punctuated by the AMBIENT ROAR OF THE STADIUM CROWD.

Just as fast as it started...it's OVER -- The floor littered with UNCONSCIOUS GUARDS.

AURORA

SHEDS her Hoodie like a dead skin, *standing fully revealed*, now clad head-to-toe in a FORM-FITTING SLEEK OUTFIT.

AURORA (V.O.)
I'm a soldier. One of the elite. A Death Dealer.

Her eyes SHIFT -- Sensing a PRESENCE -- In one sudden swift move, she pulls a GLOCK PISTOL, SPINNING BACKWARDS, the barrel of her gun now trained at the head of

A MALE FIGURE

He doesn't flinch -- This is GALEN (28) -- Aurora's PARTNER -- At the other end of the corridor we see a DISTANT PILE OF TANGLED GUARD BODIES. *His* handywork.

GALEN
(indicating guards)
Humans. Slower and slower.

His razor-blade smile reveals a PAIR OF FANGS -- He's a *VAMPIRE and so is Aurora* -- But they're not here to deal with US, *we're merely 'objects' in the way.*

AS ONE...

They head down the corridor -- The hallway vast, ringing the entirety of the field -- Finally, they come to their destination:

6 **INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - LOADING BAY DOORS - NIGHT** 6

Galen pulls out a SEVERED FINGER -- *A MOON GLYPH TATTOO studding the phalanges* -- He places it to a FINGERPRINT SCANNER -- The doors POP open, revealing...

7 **INT. LOADING BAY - NIGHT** 7

An expansive space -- WORKERS busily loading WOODEN CRATES *with something as yet unseen*. These guys are lithe. Taut muscle and corded sinew.

ON THEIR HANDS: MOON GLYPH TATTOOS

Whatever's going on here...it ain't about soccer.

AURORA (O.S.)
Our weapon? One of the oldest elements on Earth -- But our Lycan enemy uses something even older...

Aurora and Galen EDGE closer, now at an angle to see what's being loaded into the crates:

GUNS

But like we've never seen before -- Affixed to the barrels? INDUSTRIAL-STRENGTH LAMPS.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Sun Guns.

Lots of 'em -- This isn't good news, Aurora pulling out a BLACK DISC-SHAPED DEVICE -- Looks like a HOCKEY PUCK, emblazoned on it an ANCIENT CELTIC SYMBOL.

AURORA (CONT'D)
(looks to Galen)
We destroy the cache.

Galen nods, steeling himself, pulling a Glock of his own -- Knowing they're way outnumbered -- And with that, Aurora deftly SLIDES the DEVICE across the floor...

IT GLIDES

Across the surface, silent, coming to a PERFECT STOP beneath a TABLE at the center of the action, the Workers oblivious -- Until, all at once, *one* Worker STOPS.

HIS NOSTRILS

Sniff the air -- Uttering a single word.

WORKER
Silver.

TIME SYRUPS as he CROUCHES beneath the table, seeing the Device, quickly turning to ALERT the others --

WORKER (CONT'D)
BLOOOOODS!

BOOOM! -- The DEVICE DETONATES, a contained EXPLOSION delivering CRYSTALLINE SHARDS OF SILVER across the space.

What happens next, happens fast.

AURORA AND GALEN

SPRING from their hiding place, FIRING AUTOMATIC BURSTS OF SILVER-FRAGMENTED BULLETS, a PHALANX OF WORKERS getting PEPPERED, dropping to the GROUND, skin instantly SIZZLING.

TWO WORKERS

Grab up SUN GUNS, CLICKING them on with a WHINE -- They FIRE! WHITE HOT BEAMS OF U.V. LIGHT RADIATING the air!

BLACKOUT VISORS

Automatically INTERLOCK over Aurora and Galen's faces, ARMORED FABRIC *sliding* over their hands like a PROTECTIVE SKIN as, behind them, ultraviolets INSTANTLY TATTOO the walls with their silhouettes. *Sunburns*.

AURORA

Fires her Glock, killing both Workers, their guns CLATTERING to the ground -- But this party's just getting started -- Aurora turning just in time to see a Worker LEAP at her, the 'man' TRANSFORMING mid-air into...

A WEREWOLF

Razor claws. Dripping fangs. Primal and beastly -- This is a LYCAN -- It SLAMS into Aurora, PINNING her to the GROUND, its SLAVERING MAW reflected in the MIRROR of her VISOR.

BLAM! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- Aurora FIRES her Glock into the creature's MOUTH -- It BUCKLES over -- Dead.

She's already up, visor sliding back, revealing her face once again -- Only now does she see the other Workers quickly loading the rest of the guns onto WAITING VEHICLES.

AURORA
(to Galen)
We have to stop those trucks.

She FIRES her Glock, advancing, Galen beside her doing the same, the two in perfect synchronicity, killing wantonly, the GUNFIRE becoming the ROAR of the STADIUM CROWD as we CUT TO...

8 **INT. LOWER SERVICE CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 8

THE WINNING SOCCER TEAM emerging off the field -- Sweaty and victorious -- Game now over -- They head toward their locker room -- *Except the team's 'Striker'* -- He suddenly stops, sensing something.

Leaving his teammates behind, he quickly heads in the other direction, the POP of CAMERA FLASHBULBS becoming...

9 **INT. LOADING BAY - SAME TIME** 9

The BRIGHT BURSTS of Aurora and Galen's GUN MUZZLES, the two of them SPINNING back to back, working as ONE deadly force -- They head for the trucks, the VEHICLE'S ENGINES REVVING UP as

10 **INT. LOADING BAY DOORS - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 10

THE BAY DOORS BURST open to reveal the 'Striker' -- Holy shit -- A HUMAN -- Does he scream? -- Does he run? No -- He eyes the vampires with DARK FURY and, with an INHUMAN ROAR, he SHREDS his TEAM JERSEY, transforming into a wolf! He's a LYCAN!

THE 'STRIKER' LYCAN

LEAPS, landing ATOP Galen, relentless, MAULING him -- Aurora gives the beast a SHARP KICK, going toe-to-toe with this thing, raising her weapon to get a shot but

THE BEAST'S TALONS

SWIPE it away -- Aurora left STARING down this massive creature LOOMING before her -- They're about to go at it mano-a-mano when, from the back of a Lycan truck, a BRAWNY WORKER WHISTLES, SIGNALING to his comrade. He's in charge.

BRAWNY WORKER
No time!

The Striker Lycan isn't pleased -- It GROWLS -- With incredible speed it LEAPS and LOPES onto the back of an already departing truck as it leaves with the others.

AURORA

Turns to give chase, but stops, only now noticing --

AURORA
Galen...

Lying on the ground, obviously hurt -- A BEAT -- *Aurora torn*, knowing she needs to go after the trucks -- Instead she rushes to her partner, crouching over him.

GALEN
(weak)
...no, go for the trucks...

Aurora ignores him, PUNCTURE MARKS studding Galen's uniform, *Aurora RIPPING it away to reveal the flesh around Galen's wound already BLACK, QUICKLY SPREADING across his torso.*

AURORA
His claws were tipped with sun shards, I'm getting you out --

But Galen STOPS her -- A BEAT -- His eyes TICKING to a Sun Gun lying nearby -- *Something unspoken passing between them.*

GALEN
(strained)
Do it.

A LONG MOMENT -- Finally, Aurora nods, gathering her strength, grim faced -- She picks up the weapon, pointing it at him.

AURORA
I'm sorry.

And with that, her protective visor SLIDES DOWN like a mask as...

SHE FIRES

BLINDING LIGHT fills the SPACE, *Aurora FORCED to watch as her partner instantly EVAPORATES TO DUST at her own hand* -- A BEAT -- The moment filled with silence.

AURORA'S VISOR SEPARATES AND SLIDES

Revealing her visage -- She was being stoic for her partner ...now that he's *gone* the HORROR and HEARTBREAK on her face is apparent -- But no time to grieve as...

STADIUM GUARDS

Explode through the bay doorway, SHOUTING ORDERS -- Their eyes sweep across the scene, the bodies and evidence all already gone -- And so is Aurora.

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. EUROPEAN MOUNTAINS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 11

Majestic peaks thrust to the night sky, moonlight revealing a LOOMING STRUCTURE nestled in the vaults:

A MANSION COMPOUND

Gothic -- Architecture dating back to the 1400's -- *The remains of what was once a bustling SILVER MINE nearby*, shafts carved into the terrain like yawning BLACK MOUTHS.

12 **EXT. COVEN MANSION - NIGHT** 12

A WROUGHT-IRON GATE opens to allow in a SLEEK CAR -- Aurora at the WHEEL -- She rides through, giving us a look at STATE OF-THE-ART SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT along the mansion edifice.

13 **INT. COVEN MANSION LOBBY - NIGHT** 13

Aurora enters into a GRAND SPRAWLING SPACE, the rooms stately, brimming with CURIOSITIES of different eras, like something out of Europe's finest museum.

A CASCADING STAIRWELL

Looms before Aurora -- She climbs it.

14 **INT. COVEN MANSION CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 14

Aurora strides past OTHER VAMPIRES watching her -- *It's obvious she isn't like them* -- Her clothes are different. Their's are regal and flashy. She's molded. A warrior.

Finally, Aurora approaches a LARGE DOOR. Stops. Hardening her expression.

15 **INT. COVEN MANSION - SEMERA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT** 15

Aurora is KNEELING -- Head lowered -- SHAFTS of MOONLIGHT on either side of her, imprisoning her between the light.

SEMERA (O.S.)
-- What's more disconcerting, Aurora? The Lycans with enough weapons for a small army. Or my most trusted Death Dealer letting them get away...

A FEMALE FIGURE steps forward, giving us our first look at SEMERA (35) -- Darkly sexy -- Imperious -- A veiled threat to even her most trivial comments.

SEMERA (CONT'D)
Perhaps you see your failure as a victory? A way to sabotage my commencement?

AURORA
No, my Grace.

SEMERA
No...?

Her hand ALIGHTS to Aurora's shoulder, fingers TIGHTENING.

SEMERA (CONT'D)
Then where *is* he? Where's Marius?

AURORA
He can only be at a location masking the Lycan scent.

SEMERA
Continue to scour the city. When they write the history of my reign they will say it began when Marius was killed. Am I clear?

Aurora's eyes darken -- Vengeful.

AURORA
There's nothing I want more.

She's thinking of Galen, Semera picking up on it.

SEMERA
A warrior has no room for emotion, Aurora, only the mission. Forget Galen.

AURORA
Yes, my Grace.

SEMERA
Our enemy knows nothing but bloodshed and we must *return* their bloodshed a thousand times over. It's all they understand.

And with that, she releases her grip, allowing Aurora to go ...but having one more thing to add...

SEMERA (CONT'D)
The Council convenes upon Cassius' arrival. After I ascend to Regent I'll need a Hand at my side.
(beat)
I want it to be you.

Sounds like a compliment, but Aurora knows her enough to understand its *true* meaning -- 'Don't fail me again' -- Aurora heads out -- The weight of Semera's gaze felt in every step.

16 **INT. COVEN MANSION - UPPER CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 16

Aurora strides down the corridor, passing various rooms, giving us GLIMPSES OF OTHER VAMPIRES who dwell here -- An air of aristocracy -- The elite of the Eastern coven.

Aurora moves on, ignoring their curious stares.

Finally, she turns into....

17 **INT. COVEN MANSION - UPPER CORRIDOR - ALCOVE - NIGHT** 17

And all at once, *emotion overtakes Aurora*, legs crumpling as she collapses against the wall, biting at her cheek to keep the sobs from erupting.

Her fingernails dig into her palm, drawing BLOOD as we CUT TO:

18 **INT. COVEN MANSION - DEATH DEALER ARMORY - NIGHT** 18

A sleek space, steel walls studded with weapons -- Guns, knives, explosives -- Aurora at a nearby WORKBENCH examining the inner-workings of the Sun Gun used to kill Galen.

VARGA (O.S.)
A particular nasty piece of work...

REVEAL A MALE PRESENCE OBSERVING HER -- VARGA (32) -- A Death Dealer -- Tough and sharp -- Both he and Aurora admiring the lethality of the Lycan weapon, despite themselves.

AURORA
Manufactured sunlight. 100% pure.

She turns to a SMALL POOL OF BUBBLING SILVER, pouring MOLTEN SILVER into a waiting bullet casing -- Varga watching.

VARGA
How many kills did the two of you have?

AURORA
Eighty-seven.

VARGA
A coven record. But who's counting, right?

AURORA
He did.

A BEAT -- Varga moving closer to Aurora, maybe a little *too* close.

VARGA
Maybe, in time, you'd consider a new partner?

Aurora just stares, examining the now complete bullet, it's perfect, the casing gleaming in the light.

AURORA
Not likely.

And off the SOUND OF A BURGEONING FIRE we CUT TO:

19 **INT. COVEN MANSION - FUNERAL CHAMBER - NIGHT** 19

SMOLDERING FLAMES flanked by ROWS OF DEATH DEALERS in regimented lines -- Men. Women. True stoic badasses -- A SUPERNATURAL SEAL TEAM SIX -- A.K.A THE DEATH SQUAD.

Aurora stands at the head -- A sense of ceremony -- The bullet lying in her open palm -- *Galen's name now engraved on the casing* -- She steps before the fire.

AURORA
'Though the fire we burn. Through the flame we rise. Through silver we are molded.'

She drops the bullet into the flames -- A ritual -- Her expression unreadable, the bullet consumed by fire as we CUT TO...

20 **INT. COVEN MANSION - FUNERAL CHAMBER - LATER - NIGHT** 20

The FIRE now all but extinguished, the bullet a mere POOL OF LIQUID SILVER amongst a PILE OF ASH -- Aurora stands alone in the chamber, mournful. Perhaps a little lost.

THOMAS (O.S.)
You didn't kill Galen.

Aurora spins to find THOMAS, 60's, regal, leavened with warmth -- They embrace, Aurora simmering with bitterness.

AURORA
But I didn't save him.

Thomas smiles somberly, as if reading her thoughts.

THOMAS
Ah, yes. Reprisals.
(beat)
Yet a wise vampire once said 'vengeance does not come without a cost'.

AURORA
Your words?

THOMAS
Your father's.

He steps to the fire, poking at the ashes...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
We give our children life...but they decide what to do with it. We both know I haven't had much success at controlling *my* own son...

At this, a light flickers in Aurora's eyes.

AURORA
How is David?

Thomas looks to her, hoping she'd ask.

THOMAS
I wouldn't know, since our return from the west we've grown apart. As I recall you were 'fond'...of each other, no?

AURORA
If you're wondering if I've seen him. I haven't. Not for some time.

Thomas shakes his head, expression shifting, getting to the heart of the matter.

THOMAS
No one has. David's disappeared --

AURORA
(concerned)
Disappeared?

THOMAS
And I NEED you to find him for me.

Aurora blinks, caught off guard. A rarity.

AURORA
I hunt *Lycans*, not Vampire. If Semera --

THOMAS
Semera can't know any of this.

A BEAT -- He pulls out a PARCHMENT ENVELOPE -- TIGHTLY SEALED.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
For David. The content is quite personal. He was last seen in the location of your last 'mission' as I understand it --

AURORA
The Lycans are practically at our door and you want me to go on an *errand*?

Thomas' eyes drop to the letter.

THOMAS
I assure you this storm looms just as heavily as the Lycans.
(beat)
Aurora. Please. You're the only one I trust.

A long moment -- Aurora considering their history -- Finally, *she takes the letter* -- Thomas smiles, paternal.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You always had your father's resolve.

A remark like this not taken lightly -- The moment split by the SUDDEN SOUND of a BELL TOLLING, *its PEAL ringing through the entirety of the mansion*. An ALARM. *The DAY-BELL*.

AURORA
The sun.

THOMAS
Yes. The one constant between enemies. Rising on Lycan and vampire both.

Their gaze shifts to a NEARBY WINDOW, a LARGE METAL GRATE SLIDING over it, the SOUND of the BELL RINGING LOUDER as...

21 **EXT. COVEN MANSION - ESTABLISH - SAME TIME - DAWN** 21

METAL SLABS *slide* across EVERY WINDOW of the mansion, SNAPPING into place -- The structure now completely locked down as the first fingers of dawn crest the mountain.

Daytime has arrived.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. MEAT-PACKING PLANT - LOADING AREA - DAY** 22

Cold. Industrial -- ENDLESS SLABS OF FROZEN MEAT hanging from hooks -- *One of the few places in our urban world capable of masking a Lycan scent.*

TRUCKS

ROAR into the loading area -- The Lycan vehicles from the stadium -- WORKERS sliding up the truck bay doors, revealing packed weapon crates, the Brawny Worker in charge.

BRAWNY
Alright! Get a move on.

The others unload the crates, the Striker Lycan approaching.

STRIKER LYCAN
I find that Death Dealer, I tear her to pieces. What you think he's going to say?

BRAWNY
Marius? I'm not worried.

He's trying to play it cool -- But the Striker knows better.

STRIKER LYCAN
You heard how he got the fangs. Wiped out an entire coven in Leningrad. Single-handedly.

BRAWNY
Actually. I heard Sao Paulo.

A DARK VOICE chimes in...

MARIUS (O.S.)
It was Tokyo.

They turn toward the Voice, beholding...

A SHADOWED MALE FIGURE

Watching from the depths of the plant -- The Striker Lycan quickly moves on, Brawny swallowing, trying to hide the rising tide of fear in his chest.

BRAWNY
(calling out)
C'mon, everyone. Move it. We got a long day ahead of us...!

Everyone redoubles their efforts, nervous tension in the air, the Figure striding forward to reveal MARIUS (32). Silent. Smoldering darkness. Scars covering his visage like warpaint.

BRAWNY

Stops -- Pinned by Marius' stare as his leader approaches -- *Marius the essence of a HUNTED WOLF boiled into human form* -- A PAIR OF VAMPIRE FANGS dangling from a string around his neck. A trophy.

MARIUS
How many were there?

BRAWNY
Two. They got fifteen percent of our stock. Ten men. They came out of nowhere. We got one of 'em. The female got away.

MARIUS
They killed ten. We killed one.

He weighs each of these numbers, as if keeping a secret ledger, his face a mask -- A warrior haunted by a stern past ...and driven by destiny.

MARIUS (CONT'D)
My father had a way of making you FEEL his stare. After a battle, he'd stand, fresh blood on his breath, and he wouldn't have to ask anything because you already knew the question, 'How many Bloods you kill today, boy?'
(somber)
What would his look say now?

This is the most Brawny's heard his leader say, let alone confide something so personal -- But he doesn't have a chance to wonder why, Marius turning, calling out to everyone. His voice GUTTURAL. SHARP.

MARIUS (CONT'D)
Even when our ancestors were living in woods and huddling in caves there has always been one thing that bonded the pack!
(beat)
The Hunt.

At this Brawny's face tightens, the others growing nervous...

MARIUS (CONT'D)
The Hunt ferrets out weakness! The Hunt sniffs out the runt...

At his signal, THREE WEREWOLVES emerge from the bowels of the plant -- Lupine. Hair matted and wild. Ugly beasts all. Their eyes GLITTER, targeting Brawny.

BRAWNY
No...Marius...please...

A sense of RITUAL about this, the wolves advancing slowly through hanging slabs of beef, jostling the carcasses, the hooks making an eerie CREAKING SOUND.

Marius looks to Brawny. Then to all. Cold.

MARIUS
The Hunt keeps our pack STRONG.

Brawny RUNS, terrified, TURNING backwards, STUMBLING awkwardly into the Workers -- They SHOVE him away like he's living poison -- He HURTLES on, desperate, the wolves CHASING their PREY as he's forced into the INNERWORKINGS OF THE PLANT...

23 **INT. MEAT-PACKING PLANT FLOOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY** 23

SWINGING HOOKS OF BEEF WHIZZ ALONG on an AUTOMATED LINE, Brawny trying to DART between SLABS, getting KNOCKED OVER, the beef SLAMMING into him, the Wolves on his tail...

We draw this out...trailing along with Brawny, the stink of flop sweat palpable until finally, he gets cornered, the wolves TRAPPING him.

BRAWNY

DROPS TO HIS KNEES, WHIMPERING, ACCEPTING HIS FATE as the Three Wolves LOOM closer, MUZZLES lowered, jaws QUAVERING.

The WOLVES POUNCE!

We CUT AWAY -- BACK TO...

24 **INT. MEAT-PACKING PLANT - SAME TIME - DAY** 24

MARIUS

EYEING the rest of his 'men', Brawny's first SCREAMS echoing through the plant -- The look in the Lycans' eyes telling us they ALL know this COULD be them.

Marius' gaze doesn't dispel them of this notion.

MARIUS
In this pack. OUR pack. Weakness will not be tolerated.
(beat)
One Death Dealer survived the attack -- I want her HUNTED and KILLED. No MERCY.

And if that doesn't make his point -- His final words are PUNCTUATED by Brawny's last dying scream. Then, silence.

One by one...the Workers go back to unloading the trucks -- *Except for the Striker Lycan*, his mind on Aurora, eyes GLITTERING with BLOODLUST as we...

CUT TO:

25 **EXT. CITY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 25

A European metropolis -- The night alive with promise.

26 **INT. CITY BAR - NIGHT** 26

A clock behind the bar reads 3AM. But the place is hopping. The MUSIC rough and jangly.

We find DAVID (29) working BEHIND the bar, enjoying the grit and sweat of the place -- TWO SEXY GIRLS waiting on the drink he's making for them.

One of them eyes a MUSKET hanging above the bar.

SEXY GIRL #1
What's the deal with the gun?

DAVID
The original owner liked having it on hand in case of trouble...at least, that's what they say.

SEXY GIRL #1
This place is *old*.

DAVID
It has history. There's a difference.

The Girl offers up her best smile -- David's MAGNETIC -- Human women can just smell there's something different about him. He's more *alive*.

SEXY GIRL #2
What time you get off?

DAVID
Now.

The girls slide a look to each other, hopeful -- But David just signals to his co-worker, grabbing up a MESSENGER BAG and jumping over the bar, taking off -- We HOLD on the girls watching.

SEXY GIRL #1
(calling out)
Call us!

But David's already gone.

27 **EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT** 27

David walks along, the streets mostly empty -- As he passes a building, the CAMERA HOLDS on a nearby ROOFTOP -- *Someone's watching him.*

28 **EXT. CITY STREETS - BUILDING ROOFTOP - SAME - NIGHT** 28

It's Aurora. She's *already* found him.

She watches as...

29 **EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME - NIGHT** 29

David KNOCKS on the BACK DOOR of a BLOOD BANK.

30 **EXT. BLOOD BANK - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT** 30

Aurora is at street level now, peering through a WINDOW --

31 **INT. BLOOD BANK - SAME - NIGHT** 31

David inside giving cash to a NIGHT WORKER in exchange for a supply of BLOOD BAGS -- It's obvious he's done this before.

32 **EXT. BLOOD BANK - SAME - NIGHT** 32

Aurora just watches the exchange -- Silent. Curious.

33 **EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME - NIGHT** 33

David moves on, Aurora following from atop a nearby rooftop --

34 **EXT. CITY STREETS - BUILDING ROOFTOP - SAME - NIGHT** 34

She watches as David turns a corner, heading into an ALLEYWAY.

Aurora steps off the ledge, DROPPING to street level -- Four stories --

35 **EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME - NIGHT** 35

But she LANDS effortlessly -- Heading into the alley to find...

36 **EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT** 36

David's gone -- Nothing but a couple of OVERFLOWING DUMPSTERS -- Aurora looks around -- What the hell?! -- But before she can react, SOMETHING SLAMS into her HARD, Aurora SKIDDING across the pavement, looking up to find

THE STRIKER LYCAN

The only reason he caught her off guard is because she was focused on David -- He advances, frighteningly fast, relentless.

STRIKER LYCAN
Let's finish what we started, sweetie --

A COUPLE SHARP KICKS to Aurora's RIBS -- Each one more vicious than the rest, any single one would KILL a human but Aurora's a fucking Death Dealer so...

AURORA

SNAPS up to her feet -- Cool and graceful -- Delivering KICKS of her own -- The combat quickly SPILLING though the alley, until --

THE STRIKER LYCAN

With OTHERWORLDLY STRENGTH, TOSSES Aurora against a dumpster, the metal CRUMPLING around her -- She struggles violently to free herself...but she's trapped.

STRIKER LYCAN (CONT'D)
Marius wants your ashes...I'm gonna deliver 'em.

In his hands -- A SUN GUN -- He FIRES it up, the HUM filling the alley -- Aurora tries to activate her PROTECTIVE VISOR but the device STUTTERS, the visor SHATTERED from the IMPACT with the dumpster.

STRIKER LYCAN (CONT'D)
(grins)
Trouble with your 'Sunscreen'?

All at once, *Aurora realizes she's in real danger*, desperately trying to free herself as the Lycan raises the gun, about to fire -- But at the last SECOND --

A FIGURE

BARRELS into the Lycan, the Gun CLATTERING NOISILY across the alley -- Aurora looking up to see DAVID -- The Striker Lycan already reaching for the Gun -- But it's broken.

DAVID

His hand whips out a SLIVER BUTTERFLY KNIFE, the blades SNAPPING coolly into place, DANCING effortlessly across his palm.

With a ROAR, the Striker Lycan launches at David, transforming into a

WEREWOLF

Coming at David all fang and claw -- Aurora managing to free herself, about to jump in -- But it's quickly obvious David can take care of himself.

DAVID

SLASHES with his blade, at the same time DRIVING his SHOULDER into the creature's torso, IMPALING it onto a PIECE OF BROKEN REBAR from a FIRE ESCAPE, a metal rod BURSTING through its chest!

THE WEREWOLF

STRUGGLES RABIDLY, claws WILDLY SCRAPING at the broken metal, momentarily trapped -- David RAISES his blade, about to plunge it into the beast's heart but --

AURORA
No! This one's mine.

She pulls her Glock, LEVELLING it at the struggling werewolf, execution style -- A BEAT -- Aurora, cold:

AURORA (CONT'D)
Galen sends his best.

She FIRES -- A single bullet BLASTING into the creature's CHEST! Instantly KILLING it.

THE LYCAN'S BODY

Now limp, SLIDES from the metal rod, SLUMPING to the ground -- NEW ANGLE: *It's now in naked 'human' form* -- In the distance, a SIREN, the sound quickly approaching -- David looks to her, offering his hand.

DAVID
I suggest we go. Unless you want to get arrested for offing the best striker the city's had in a decade.

He makes a good point -- And with that, they take off, quickly heading out of the alley as we CUT TO:

37 **INT. DAVID'S TENEMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 37

Elegant and dark -- Lacquered walls -- Wreaths of yellow light -- One of the city's older buildings.

DAVID
At least I don't need to ask how you found me.

AURORA
You actually bought that ruin of a bar?

DAVID
It was getting too respectable. Or have you forgotten its old clientele?

A BEAT between them -- We sense there is much to be said -- More that *could* be said.

AURORA
Some things aren't dimmed by time.

David opens the door to his apartment, leading Aurora inside...

38 **INT. DAVID'S TENEMENT - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT** 38

It's cramped -- A bit messy but brimming with life.

DAVID
Let me guess, not enough 'brooding'? Perhaps lacking in medieval tapestries and goblets?

Indeed, it's a long way from the mansion: Thrift-store-furniture, books stacked haphazardly, records. Aurora clocks it all, despite her usual aloofness, she's intrigued.

AURORA
You seem *different*.

DAVID
I realized how much I like hanging around humans.
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
They have a shorter 'shelf-life'.
Makes them more interesting.

Maybe -- *But Aurora senses there's more, something David's not willing to share* -- She ignores it...for now.

AURORA
Humans are children.

DAVID
And we're not? What do we do with immortality? Waste it on a war with the one species even more messed up than we are. What's the point? Look who I'm asking. A Death Dealer.

Clearly some unresolved tension here -- David pouring them both a 'drink' from a glass carafe filled with crimson fluid.

AURORA
How'd you know I was following you?

DAVID
Better question. *Why* were you following me?

AURORA
Your father.

Now it's David's turn to be surprised -- His mood shifting.

DAVID
He had you find me? Why?

AURORA
To give you this...

She pulls out the letter, handing it to David.

DAVID
What is it?

AURORA
Maybe you should open it. Find out.

David does, breaking the seal, unfolding the parchment.

DAVID
(unable to read it)
This is so *him*. It's written in the 'old tongue' --

AURORA
Here --

She takes the letter from him, the words on the paper written in an old language resembling Latin -- Aurora schooled in it, translating...

AURORA (CONT'D)
'David. I need you to come -- '

She suddenly stops, surprised by what comes next -- David impatient.

DAVID
What? Go on.

AURORA
(beat, then)
'It's time you knew the truth about your mother.' That's all it says.

David snatches the letter back -- Studies it.

DAVID
That's *it*?

A BEAT -- Aurora looks to him.

AURORA
Your mother died when you were born, right?
(off David's nod)
What're you going to do?

David eyes the letter -- Unsure.

DAVID
Too weak to face me himself so he sends you. Vampires. Everything has to be a chess match...

From outside, SIRENS race past the building, David turning on the TELEVISION -- ON SCREEN: A HELICOPTER SHOT of POLICE VEHICLES gathered around a familiar alley.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
-- 'Sources tell us police have found the body of Oliver Barry, renowned Striker for Hertha Berlin -- Witnesses place a man and a woman running from the scene, we'll keep you updated' --

David shuts it off -- Pissed -- Looks to Aurora.

DAVID
I don't see you in what? How long? Then you suddenly show up and everything goes to hell. You have a talent for that.

He grabs a bag, already starting to pack -- Aurora watches him, troubled, sensing there's more going on here than either of them know.

And off an OMINOUS RUMBLE OF THUNDER...

CUT TO:

39 **EXT. COVEN MANSION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 39

It's raining. Hard. A FORK OF LIGHTNING splits the night sky, the FLASH OF LIGHT revealing...

40 **INT. COVEN MANSION - SEMERA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT** 40

Semera standing before a mirror, half-naked -- Her chamber door opens -- It's Varga -- He stops, reacting to her state of undress.

SEMERA
Come in.

She smiles, aware the power her naked body has on her 'lieutenant' as Varga enters, uncomfortable.

VARGA
You wanted to be informed when Aurora returned -- She's brought someone. Thomas' son.

SEMERA
David?

A BEAT -- Her face a mask -- Finally, she moves on, continuing to undress...

SEMERA (CONT'D)
Cassius arrives in 48 hours to convene his Council, yet I still don't have my Lycan. I expect more from my warriors...

She gets close to Varga, her hand SPIDERING down his torso, Varga STIFFENING, unsure how to react.

SEMERA (CONT'D)
-- When I was a Death Dealer my Lord had no tolerance for failure ...In fact, rumor was more Dealers died at Lord Viktor's hand than the Lycans. This was an exaggeration. A *slight* exaggeration. His favorite method was to peel the skin layer by layer until these hardened warriors, *killers* each and all, BEGGED for death...

VARGA
My Grace --

Fast and fleet, Semera's hand comes up with a blade. *Varga's* blade -- A TENSE BEAT -- Semera DANCING it coolly across her hand, a woman well-versed in all things lethal...

SEMERA
Luckily for you, there are other ways for you to prove your fealty.

She hands the blade back to him, Varga eyeing it -- WE HOLD ON HIS EXPRESSION, *unsure what she's getting at as we CUT TO*:

41 **INT. COVEN MANSION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 41

David, having recently arrived, walks with his bag through the massive hallway -- It's been a long time since he's been here, the space alive with memories.

All at once, he stops, heading into...

42 **INT. COVEN MANSION - ARCHIVAL HALL - NIGHT** 42

Vast rows of shelves spread high to the ceiling, each lined with a series of THICK TOMES -- The whole history of the Eastern Coven in written form.

David walks past it all, instead eyeing --

A TAPESTRY

Depicting an EPIC MEDIEVAL BATTLE, Vampires and Lycans locked in mortal combat atop a now forgotten hill, a VILLAGE burning in the background -- The images BLOODY and VIVID.

DAVID
Charming.

He turns to find Thomas already entering the room -- A father happy to see his son.

THOMAS
My *boy*...

He pulls David into an awkward embrace -- David returning it -- Whatever their issues, *there is still love here*.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You didn't waste time making yourself at home...
(eyeing the tapestry)
As a child you used to stare at this for hours. Fascinated.

DAVID
Terrified is more like it. And, as I recall, you *made* me stare at it.

THOMAS
I wanted you to know exactly what horrors this world had in store. Just in case.
(looks to David's side)
I see no sword. What do you carry these days?

David fans open the Butterfly Knife, sleekly dancing it across his palm -- A BEAT -- Thomas taking it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(inspecting)
Crude.

DAVID
But effective.
(pointed)
I don't have much use for broadswords these days. Who does?

He takes the blade back -- A moment between them -- David eager to change the subject.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I received your letter.

The elephant in the room -- Thomas gazing around. Wary. Not wanting to talk about it here.

THOMAS
Perhaps you'd like to settle in properly first, your room's --

DAVID
(cutting him off)
Father. Enough mystery. The letter got me here --

THOMAS
We both know that's a half-truth. Aurora. She's still beautiful, isn't she?

David blinks -- Fathers do know their sons.

DAVID
In any case. I want 'the truth'. What don't I know about my mother?

Thomas nods, resigned, gesturing to the archives, leading David deeper into them, *the coven's history literally towering over them.*

THOMAS
Look into these pages and you'll find several concerning you in ways you could not know.
(beat)
The stories I've told you of your mother. She was a lowborn. She died in childbirth. These are false.

David blinks -- Hopeful..

DAVID
She's still <u>alive</u>?

THOMAS
(shakes his head)
The truth is complicated, David...

A BEAT -- Thomas about to reveal a secret he's held onto for lifetimes, knowing once its spoken there is no going back...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Your mother was a Grand Elder of the coven...until her murder by Lycans eleven years ago.

David -- Struck -- Realizing who his father means.

DAVID
<u>Amelia</u>? Impossible.

THOMAS
At the time I was the royal bladesmith. We were quite foolish.
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
She became pregnant. We ran off to the Nordic Coven knowing we had to keep your birth a secret lest we incur Lord Viktor's wrath --

David veers on him, SHARP.

DAVID
You LIED to me --

THOMAS
To protect you. Had Viktor known the truth he would've killed you.

DAVID
Viktor's been dead for years.

THOMAS
Yet his shadow looms over this House.

He means Semera -- Thomas eyeing his son. Grave.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You're the only true heir of Amelia. Do you realize what this means?
(pointed)
David...This coven is yours.

A BEAT -- David struck -- Thomas edging closer.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
In 48 hours the Council meets to declare Semera the coven Regent -- But we can talk to Cassius, prevent it from happening --

DAVID
Why?

THOMAS
Semera's dangerous, as bloodthirsty as Viktor, maybe MORE. We're entering a new era. With new threats. We need strong leadership. Someone who can finally STOP the tide of blood.

David looks to him like he's crazy.

DAVID
Me?!
(laughs sharply)
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
The *war*? Lycans? I'm through with it. It's not me.

THOMAS
David. *Blood is blood.*

DAVID
No. Your blood. Not mine.

And with that he turns to head out -- But Thomas stops him.

THOMAS
No one can know of this. No one. If Semera finds out there's no telling what she'd do. She's declared a banquet tonight to mark your return...but if she knew the truth she'd KILL you.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING punctuates his words, David looking to the window, the tempest still RAGING outside.

DAVID
As soon as the storm clears I'm leaving.
(measured)
And I'm never coming back.

He HEADS out, Thomas left standing alone -- Bereft -- And off the RISING LILT OF RENAISSANCE-ERA MUSIC we CUT TO:

43 **INT. COVEN MANSION - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT** 43

The midst of a grand feast -- Semera at the head, David and his father beside her as VAMPIRE GUESTS OF ALL STRIPES sit at a long metal table -- But instead of food, a SLUICE OF CRIMSON FLUID runs down the center of it. *Blood.*

SEMERA

Rises to make a toast -- She's dressed spectacularly -- Her hand cuts off the music, all conversations ceasing as she lifts her glass.

SEMERA
In times of rising war, our coven needs moments to celebrate, the return of our own after *many* years is always reason to rejoice.

She DRINKS -- As do the others -- Except for David -- Everyone going back to talking, Thomas eyeing his son, wary -- It's only now we see the great hall is ringed by

DEATH DEALERS

They stand, silent sentries to the 'merriment' -- *Aurora amongst them* -- A BEAT as Aurora and David lock eyes -- Semera witnessing the look, leaning close to David.

SEMERA (CONT'D)
It appears I'm not the only one who hopes you'll be staying. She *is* beautiful. A shame her vow as a Death Dealer makes her off limits, isn't it?

DAVID
What happened between me and Aurora is just history, my Grace.

SEMERA
Yet some history is more complicated than others, no?

David smiles tightly, does she know the truth of who he is? -- Semera's hand SERPENTS suggestively up David's thigh...

SEMERA (CONT'D)
I do hope you're planning a *long* visit.

DAVID
I'm afraid not.

He delicately removes her hand, a game with a viper that could bite at any second.

SEMERA
Pity. It's nice having young blood around. I was hoping you might help us in taking on the renewed Lycan threat...

DAVID
I'm not here to get pulled into things...just a son coming to see his father.

SEMERA
Admirable. Blood is everything.
(beat, looks to Thomas)
You have such a lovely boy. So strapping. Seeing as our feast is over...I'd like to show the two of you something.

She rises, gesturing for both Thomas and David to join her.

THOMAS
(smiles)
Of course, your Grace.

He stands, shooting David a wary look as we CUT TO...

44 **INT. COVEN MANSION - CRYPT - NIGHT** 44

Darkly lit. Cavernous -- With an area crafted of POLISHED GRANITE -- Semera leading David and Thomas down a set of steps...

SEMERA
-- Perhaps it's the vintage of blood from the party...or my impending comencement...but I'm feeling quite nostalgic...not many are granted access down here...

IN THE CENTER OF THE CHAMBER

Two very SPECIAL HATCHES, each housed within a cocentric pattern of interwoven Celtic circles and ornately graved with a single letter:

A 'V' for VIKTOR...and an 'A' for AMELIA.

These are the TOMBS OF THE VAMPIRE ELDERS.

SEMERA (CONT'D)
Lord Viktor's wrath was only matched by his affinity for Amelia ...It would please him to know they lie together for eternity.
(looks to Thomas)
What am I saying? You were there.

THOMAS
Yes, my Grace. I was Amelia's bladesmith.

SEMERA
Her beauty and grace are legendary. You must've been quite fond of her.

Thomas nods, looking to his son -- But David's not paying attention, his eyes locked on Amelia's tomb, *realizing he's looking at the grave of his mother.*

SEMERA (CONT'D)
We are fortunate to have Lord Viktor as our patriarch. The most feared of all Vampire.
(MORE)

SEMERA (CONT'D)
I often ask myself would Viktor approve of what's become of his coven? Have we become too complacent?

THOMAS
Complacent?

SEMERA
After I'm ordained Regent, this coven will lead a renewed plunge into war...not just with Lycans... but any coven that stands in our way.

THOMAS
You sound like Lord Viktor himself.

A dark grin flickers across Semera's expression -- That's all she could ever want to hear -- She slides closer to Thomas.

SEMERA
Thank you. Though my Lord is dead, I'm still his servant...

We're CLOSE on the TWO OF THEM, her hand going to Thomas' cheek -- An intimate gesture -- A SMALL GASP from Thomas -- *What happened?* -- **He looks down to see Semera's blade in his stomach** -- She slid it in perfectly.

SEMERA (CONT'D)
(whispered in his ear)
A blade coated with sunlight. You think I would stand idly while you took from me everything I've worked for?

Thomas' eyes shift toward his son, wanting to call out, but he's weakening -- He collapses to the floor, GASPING.

THOMAS
David...

David turns, sees the state of his father, confused, quickly racing to him -- A BEAT -- Thomas' next words whispered, meant only for his son to hear.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
David...*Head to the North.*

And with that, he DIES, *his now lifeless hand shifting to reveal his WOUND* -- All at once David gets it.

But before he can do anything --

VARGA

Emerges from the shadows -- His sword already drawn -- He stands, frozen, his intention clear.

DAVID

His hand comes up with his butterfly knife -- Holds it at the ready -- In response Semera PULLS her own sword -- David is horribly 'outgunned'.

SEMERA
You ARE spirited...but that won't save you. It just makes what happens next more fun, I am a *bit* out of practice...

She slowly advances, David girding himself -- He may be capable...but this is Semera and one of her elite.

DAVID
You killed him.

SEMERA
Please. As if you *cared* about him. Besides, you'll see your father soon enough...
(icy)
And your traitorous whore mother.

David's fingers tighten around his blade -- Everyone steeling themselves for combat, death moving in on David, until --

A SOUND

From behind him -- A HUM -- We've heard it before.

It's a SUN GUN.

AURORA STEPS FORWARD -- In her hand the very weapon she used to kill her partner -- Now leveled at David's opponents.

AURORA
You know what makes these things so dangerous -- You don't even need to be a good shot.

Holy shit -- Varga shoots Semera a look, what should he do? Semera keeping her eyes on Aurora.

SEMERA
How precious. I guess he means more to you then you do to him. But it doesn't matter.
(MORE)

SEMERA (CONT'D)
If there's one thing I tried to teach you, Aurora ...it's to always plan ahead.

As if on cue...

THE TOLL OF THE DAY-BELL

Its peal ECHOING through the chamber, RINGING through the entirety of the compound -- Dawn is coming -- Fuck. 'For whom the bell tolls?' It's Aurora.

SEMERA (CONT'D)
Sunrise. Nowhere for you to go.

But Aurora REVEALS a surprise -- A TRIPLE ACTION THUNDER handgun.

SEMERA (CONT'D)
(unfazed)
You seem a mite confused. We're Vampire. Silver won't save you.

AURORA
No?

Fast as a flash, she BLASTS A CLIP OF .50 SILVER ARMOR PIERCING BULLETS at the CEILING.

CHUNKS OF ROCK

COLLAPSE over Semera and Varga -- Just as fast, Aurora SPINS, Glock muzzle FLASHING as she BLASTS A HOLE in the WALL next to her.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Seems to work just fine.

She grabs David, the two of them scrambling though the hole into --

45 **INT. COVEN MANSION - LOWER CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAWN** 45

An empty service-way beneath the mansion -- Aurora looks around. Where to?

AURORA
This feeds into the catacombs, we can hide in the silver mine --

She starts to move on, but David STOPS her -- He's got a better idea.

DAVID
We have to go UP.

And off Aurora's confusion --

46 **INT. COVEN MANSION - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER - DAWN** 46

Aurora and David enter the mansion proper, the coast is clear...for the moment -- He leads her to a stairway.

AURORA
This is crazy -- It's *sunrise*, we can't get out this way --

DAVID
Trust me.

He PULLS her upward as we CUT TO...

47 **INT. COVEN MANSION - CRYPT DOORS - MOMENTS LATER - DAWN** 47

Semera and Varga emerging out of the crypt -- The Day-Bell continuing it's toll.

SEMERA
Kill them both.

Varga nods, hurtling on, the Bell continuing its PEAL as...

48 **INT. COVEN MANSION - UPPER AREA CHAMBER - DAWN** 48

David and Aurora quickly enter -- The walls covered with TAPESTRIES and FRESCOES -- At the window: The GRATE is starting to DROP.

David SMASHES his elbow into a SECURITY GEARBOX, the window grate RUMBLING to an INSTANT STOP as:

49 **EXT. COVEN MANSION - COURTYARD - SAME - DAWN** 49

The sky is starting to turn a light gray -- The sun will be up any second.

50 **INT. COVEN MANSION - UPPER AREA CHAMBER - DAWN** 50

Aurora shrinks back from the window.

AURORA
We're trapped.

DAVID
No we're not.

Before Aurora can react, he RIPS a PRICELESS TAPESTRY off the wall, TOSSING it around her and SCOOPING her in his arms just as Semera arrives with Varga. They're out of time.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(to Aurora)
Don't let go.

And with that, he LEAPS --

CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW!

Glass EXPLODING OUTWARD like SHRAPNEL --

51 **EXT. COVEN MANSION - COURTYARD - SAME - DAWN** 51

David PLUNGES, COOLLY LANDING safely in --

They're OUTSIDE -- Aurora in his arms, wrapped in the tapestry -- David quickly heading to a nearby car -- *His* car -- Without missing a BEAT, he TOSSES Aurora into the trunk -- SLAMS it SHUT just as --

THE SUN RISES

David STOPS -- Closing his eyes-- THE FIRST RAY OF SUNLIGHT inching across the ground and SPREADING along the hood of the car, until, finally, it reaches...

DAVID

The warmth hits his body -- A vampire now BATHED in the RAYS OF THE SUN. *Does he combust? Crumble?* Nope. He SMILES.

He's UNHARMED!

Then, all at once, he's in MOTION, SLIDING into the front seat of the car, TURNING the ignition, ENGINE REVVING.

DAVID
Always wanted to do this.

He PUNCHES the gas, TIRES SQUEALING as the car quickly SMASHES through the MANSION'S IRON GATE, rending it SCRAP, SPEEDING OFF as...

52 **INT. COVEN MANSION - UPPER AREA CHAMBER - SAME - DAWN** 52

Semera watches from the broken window, a single ray of light TOUCHING her arm, *wisps of smoke rising from her skin* as she instantaneously LURCHES back -- A BEAT -- Clarity dawning.

SEMERA
He can walk in the sun.

And then she does that last thing we'd expect -- She *smiles* -- We HOLD ON SEMERA'S EYES -- Wheels ominously turning.

CUT TO:

53 **EXT. EUROPEAN FOREST - DAY** 53

An SUV charges up a RUTTED DIRT ROAD -- Around it, nothing but trees, thick and full, stretching for endless miles.

54 **INT. EUROPEAN FOREST - SUV PARKED ON ROAD - SAME TIME - DAY** 54

A YOUNG COUPLE (Early 20's) -- The Man at the wheel. Both of them digging through BACKPACKS as he kills the engine.

YOUNG MAN
You bring the Camelbacks?

YOUNG WOMAN
You said you'd bring 'em.

He looks at her, bummed.

YOUNG MAN
Shit. My bad.

The Young Woman KISSES him.

YOUNG WOMAN
(smiles, in love)
Hey. It's okay. I've got bottles here somewhere.

She turns to root around the back seat -- Stops -- Seeing something behind them.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
Adam...

The Young Man looks in the MIRROR to see --

A MALE FIGURE

Standing at the back of the car -- We don't get a look at his face -- The Young Man's eyes narrow. Wary.

YOUNG MAN
Shit.

YOUNG WOMAN
He looks creepy. What do we do?

The Young Man -- Cool -- Just turns on the ignition.

YOUNG MAN
We find somewhere else to hike.

He puts the car in DRIVE, presses the ACCELERATOR -- BUT THE CAR DOESN'T GO ANYWHERE -- The Young Woman looks to him, worried.

YOUNG WOMAN
We stuck in a rut?

YOUNG MAN
(working at the shift)
No. I don't know.

He presses the ACCELERATOR harder, but it's no use...

NEW ANGLE:

55 **EXT. EUROPEAN FOREST - OUTSIDE SUV PARKED ON ROAD - SAME - DAY**

The Figure is Marius -- His Hand GRIPPING the REAR BUMPER -- *Holding the car in place.* And off the RISING FURY OF THE REVVING ENGINE we CUT TO:

56 **EXT. EUROPEAN FOREST - LATER - DAY** 56

Marius walking, deep in the woods, surrounded by a thick canopy of primordial trees, GRITS OF POLLEN floating in the air.

BEHIND HIM

Hog-tied and DRAGGED by a ROPE is the Young Couple -- They STRUGGLE with their bonds, gagged -- But it's no use.

MARIUS

Just strides on, effortlessly hauling them deeper into the forest, until, all at once, he stops before:

57 **EXT. EUROPEAN FOREST - CAVE MOUTH - SAME - DAY** 57

A CAVE

Dark. Forboding -- A SYMBOL etched on the rock.

MARIUS
The blood of Corvinous.

He moves on, dragging the horrified couple into YAWNING DARKNESS.

58 **INT. EUROPEAN FOREST - CAVE - SAME TIME** 58

Jagged walls -- Earthen and moist -- MORE SYMBOLS as Marius continues on with his squirming cargo, the cave floor descending into a VAST OPEN SPACE covered with STRAW and OLD ANIMAL BONES.

This isn't a CAVE...*it's a DEN.*

Finally, Marius stops -- He unbuttons his shirt revealing a DEEP SCAR stretching from NECK TO HIP -- And then...all at once, *from his throat...*

AN INHUMAN GROWL

The sound ECHOING through the cavern, BESTIAL, the Young Man pissing himself at the sound -- A BEAT as Marius STOPS, listening, eyes scanning every dark pocket as...

TWO SHAPES

Emerge from the depths of the cave -- Animals -- Hard to make out what kind -- Their gait resembling that of a Grizzly -- The creatures slowly advancing, until they're revealed to be:

WOLVES

But not just *any* wolves -- These are ALPHAS -- *Massive in size, corded muscles RIPPLING beneath thick fur, eyes GLITTERING like emeralds* -- The wildness of the wood personified in savage form.

THE COUPLE

Their eyes WIDEN, CRYING out, gags stifling the sound, helpless to watch as the beasts STOP before Marius, oversized MUZZLES sniffing him -- The Lycan leader drops to his knees. Subservient.

MARIUS
You who birthed the line of Corvinous, it is I who summon you, 'We who are born of your bite and of your blood.'

Black lips curl back, exposing SHARP CANINE TEETH -- The Alphas' GROWL so deep we feel it in our bones -- A BEAT -- Marius holding their gaze, making a point not to show fear.

MARIUS (CONT'D)
Have I not done what I promised? Have I not been a worthy successor to Lucian?
(MORE)

MARIUS (CONT'D)
All I ask in return is to take the revenge that is rightly mine.

Alpha #1 SNIFFS, its OVERSIZED PAW stamping the ground -- Some kind of communication.

MARIUS (CONT'D)
Every soul. Every breath. Every bloodline. I wish to erase the covens existence so there is not a single imprint left.
(beat)
With your blessing.

The Alphas look to each other, communicating wordlessly -- Finally, their nostrils flare, mouths making a LOW GUTTURAL SOUND.

MARIUS (CONT'D)
(nods, gesturing)
In gratitude I make a humble offering -- If you accept, it would be my honor.

At this, the Alpha's LANTERN GAZE shifts to the couple -- With a HUNGRY GROWL, they advance, BARING their fangs, saliva DRIPPING to the cave floor.

We HOLD on Marius' lupine grin.

CUT TO:

59 **EXT. COVEN MANSION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 59

A WHITE SPARK from a SOLDERING-IRON splits the night, VAMPIRE SERVANTS working on repairing the iron gate as...

60 **EXT. COVEN MANSION - COURTYARD - NIGHT** 60

A CONVOY OF IDENTICAL BLACK CARS arrive, their windows POLARIZED -- Semera awaits, Varga at her side, watching as a PHALANX OF DEATH DEALERS emerge from the vehicles.

At their signal, a door opens and out steps...

CASSIUS (65)

Grey haired, regal -- The Head of the Vampire Council -- Semera bows before him, her face a mask of warmth.

SEMERA
Cassius, you honor this house with your presence.

Cassius doesn't respond, his eyes taking in the mansion, appraising it, spying the Servants busy at the iron gate.

CASSIUS
New security measures on my behalf?

Semera's face tightens, things not off to a good start.

SEMERA
A slight incident. Treachery from one of our own, revealed to be a Lycan sympathizer --

CASSIUS
A Lycan sympathizer? In the House of the East?

SEMERA
I'm afraid so.

A BEAT -- Cassius sniffs.

CASSIUS
I've had a long journey. I'll adjourn to my quarters...

SEMERA
And what of my commencement? I hope this development won't affect --

CASSIUS
Any rendering of judgement will now wait until we get to the bottom of the situation. Your House is 'untidy'...that weighs on the Council's judgement.

Everything Semera craves is now in jeopardy, yet she maintains her stony decorum.

SEMERA
Of course. I would expect nothing less.

She gestures to her SERVANTS, Cassius moving on, entering the mansion, entourage trailing in his wake -- Now alone, Vargas approaches Semera, voice lowered.

VARGA
You won't tell him of David's abilities? If he learns the truth --

SEMERA
He *won't*. You will join the squad in hunting David and Aurora. To leave immediately.

VARGA
Have our orders changed?

SEMERA
Yes. Kill them...but you, and you alone, will bring me a vial of David's blood. No one can know.
(looks to him)
Fail me at your peril.

We HOLD ON SEMERA'S FACE -- The wrench thrown into her plans have only made her *more* deadly, her voice PLAYING OVER as we OBSERVE the following...

61 **INT. COVEN MANSION - DEATH DEALER ARMORY - NIGHT** 61

The CAMERA TRACKING PAST RACKS OF VAMPIRE WEAPONRY -- Every kind imaginable -- Hands GRABBING them down...

SEMERA (O.S.)
Upon his return, intelligence from my Death Dealers revealed David was a Lycan sympathizer...

We see Semera's DEATH SQUAD loading AMMO, MAGS and ULTRAVIOLET CALIBER BULLETS into GUNS...

SEMERA (O.S.)(CONT'D)
This is, in fact, why he had 'disappeared' for many years -- When confronted with this truth, David attacked, aided by one of my most TRUSTED Death Dealers...

KNIVES are SHEATHED into BELTS...

SEMERA (O.S.)(CONT'D)
In the resulting melee David's father was killed. Regrettably at his son's own hand. Thomas died a hero...
(beat)
His death will be mourned by all ...but none more than me.

The Death Squad heads out, Varga STAYING BEHIND, surreptitiously grabbing up a DART GUN, SHEATHING it, quickly joining the others as we CUT TO...

62 **INT. COVEN MANSION - COUNCIL CHAMBER - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 62

A GRAND SPACE -- Cassius flanked by FOUR VAMPIRE REGENTS -- The COUNCIL -- All listening to Semera speak.

SEMERA
My best Death Dealers are already in pursuit. As such, I ask this Council only one thing: To decree no sanctuary be given to the perpetrators within the walls of any House of Vampire.

All eyes turn to Cassius, the burden of this resting on his head alone -- He peers at Semera, as if studying her for weak points. He won't find any.

Finally, he nods his ascension.

CASSIUS
Despite my concerns, you have acted wisely, sympathizers to the Lycan cause will not be tolerated, anyone who harbors them will be considered an enemy.

Semera offers the thinnest of smiles -- Bowing.

SEMERA
Thank you, Cassius.

CASSIUS
As for your commencement, that is only to begin once the perpetrators are killed.

A tremor across Semera's expression -- This was not expected.

SEMERA
My Lord?

CASSIUS
See it as a test of your leadership.
(beat)
That is the ruling of this Council.

He rises, the Council adjourned, the CAMERA PUSHING IN ON Semera, simmering with silent rage.

CUT TO:

63 **INT. BLOOD BANK - NIGHT** 63

Aurora and David stand in a darkened room surrounded by MEDICAL EQUIPMENT, David talking to the Night Worker we've seen him dealing with before.

NIGHT WORKER
-- Look. I've never exactly been comfortable with our arrangement. And now you're bringing a *friend*.

DAVID
Last time you see me. Or her. I promise.

NIGHT WORKER
See it from my point-of-view. You come at strange hours asking for blood. I never ask what you need it for --

DAVID
Do you really want to?

The Night Worker's eyes shift between David and Aurora, taking in their pale features...

NIGHT WORKER
No. No I guess I don't.

DAVID
So. We have a deal?

The Night Worker eyes the cash in David's hand.

NIGHT WORKER
Wait here.

He pockets the bills, heading into an INDUSTRIAL-SIZED REFRIGERATOR -- Aurora looking to David, forced to keep their voices low.

AURORA
When are you going to start telling me what's going on?

DAVID
Once we're on the train --

AURORA
You walked in the *sun*. You can't just DO that and not tell me *how* --

Maybe -- But it's obvious David is going to hold off on answers as long as he can.

DAVID
We have, at best, a five hour jump on whatever Semera is sending our way. Let's just get the blood and get out of here, ok?

AURORA
We don't need blood --

DAVID
It's not for us.

Then who's it for? -- Aurora looks to him -- Rigid.

AURORA
We need to find a way to contact the Council, let them know Semera murdered your father --

DAVID
Semera *controls* the Council. She'll concoct some story, she probably already has --

AURORA
We have to try.

David shakes his head -- He's got other plans.

DAVID
There's something I have to do. I don't expect you to understand --

AURORA
How can I 'understand' if you don't TELL me anything?

Before they can get into it further, the Night Worker emerges with FIVE VINYL BAGS filled with blood, *we get the sense he eavesdropped on some of their conversation.*

NIGHT WORKER
Type-O-Negative. Don't forget. You have to keep it refrigerated.

DAVID
Not where we're going.

He takes the bags, he and Aurora heading out.

64 **INT. EUROPEAN TRAIN STATION - NIGHT** 64

A cathedral of GLASS and STEEL. Beautiful. The ECHO of DISTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS filling the grand hall as we find:

AURORA

Alone, WATCHING a group of PUNK-ROCK GIRLS as they talk, sharing clips on their Iphones -- She gazes, fascinated, for her it's like looking at animals in a zoo. They seem so *alive*. So FREE.

Suddenly, one Punk raises her head. Looks to Aurora.

PUNK GIRL
(challenging)
What you lookin' at, uh?

AURORA
Nothing.

She turns to move on, STOPS -- Spies something...

OUT THE WINDOW:

65 **EXT. CITY - SOCCER STADIUM - SAME - NIGHT** 65

In the near distance, the SOCCER STADIUM.

66 **INT. EUROPEAN TRAIN STATION - SAME - NIGHT** 66

AURORA STARES. Drawn to the structure as WE CUT TO...

67 **INT. TRAIN STATION - KIOSK - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT** 67

David mid-conversation, talking to an ATTENDANT at the Eurorail Kiosk.

DAVID
-- Two tickets.

The Attendant checks the schedule.

ATTENDANT
Leaves in thirty minutes.
(eyeing him)
Interesting time to travel north.
Doesn't get much sunlight.

David pulls money from a DUFFEL, *making sure the Attendant doesn't see the Blood Bags nested inside* -- He quickly pays -- Turns to look for Aurora.

No sign of her.

CUT TO:

68 **INT. SOCCER STADIUM - LOADING AREA - NIGHT** 68

The vast space now empty and bisected by LINES OF YELLOW POLICE TAPE -- Aurora knows she shouldn't be here, but she steps through it.

She stares. Mournful.

Everything is quiet, until, Aurora's eyes SHIFT, sensing a PRESENCE -- In one swift move, she pulls her Glock -- SPINS -- The barrel of her gun now trained at the head of

DAVID

He gazes around the space. Gets it.

DAVID
Galen?

Aurora nods, haunted, lowering her gun.

AURORA
I keep thinking if I did things differently. Something. I don't know...

A BEAT between them -- The silence interrupted by the DISTANT SOUND of someone in the stadium hallway outside.

DAVID
Aurora. We have to go. The train leaves in twenty minutes.

AURORA
Where?

DAVID
North.

AURORA
(beat, surprised)
The Nordic coven?

She looks to him. *No more time for games.*

AURORA (CONT'D)
What did your father tell you?

DAVID
On the train. If we get caught --

But Aurora just stands, resolute -- A BEAT -- David awkward, not wanting to reveal this, it feels odd, like the words aren't even real.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Amelia was my mother.

AURORA
(struck)
Amelia?

DAVID
I know, hard to fathom. But it's true. My father and her --

Before he can go further, Aurora drops to her knees. Head lowered.

AURORA
-- My Lord, please forgive my impertinence...I didn't know.

David looks around -- This is fucking awkward.

DAVID
Aurora. Get up. It's ME --

But centuries of Vampire conditioning have taken a solid hold, Aurora keeping her head lowered, speaking as if from some from some kind of ancient Vampire rulebook.

AURORA
As your humble servant, I pledge to protect the bloodline --

David cuts her off, forcing her head up -- Eyes boring into her.

DAVID
Aurora. Stop. It makes the whole thing worse than it already is.

This reaches Aurora -- She nods.

AURORA
Okay.

But one look at her and we can see this isn't gonna go away so easily.

DAVID
We have to go.

Aurora nods, forcing herself to move on, eyes taking one last look toward the spot where Galen died as we HEAR the HISS of a TRAIN ENGINE.

CUT TO:

69 **INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT** 69

A private car meant for long journeys -- Cramped and utilitarian but nice.

Aurora stands, *alone*, everything RATTLING back and forth, the BUMPETY-BUMP of the tracks beneath her feet.

HER HAND

Reaches out, resting on one of the two OVERHANGING COTS, pushing down on the mattress as if testing it -- *Surprised by the carnal thoughts racing through her head* -- Then all at once she's interrupted by the SOUND OF THE KEY in the door.

David enters, Aurora quickly shooting her hand back, hoping he didn't catch her. Did he? He ain't saying.

DAVID
Found it in the maintenance car.

In his hand, a ROLL OF BLACK ELECTRICAL TAPE -- Aurora takes it, starting the process of covering the window, happy to have something to do, the air between them awkward.

DAVID (CONT'D)
How much time does losing the car buy us?

AURORA
Not much. They're Death Dealers.

Good point -- David ruminating on that, digging through the duffel, until, all at once, he stops. His mind turning to the night's horrible events.

DAVID
My father hated trains. He'd say it was like being stuck in limbo.
(looking around)
Maybe he was right.

He stares, mournful, knowing he'll never see Thomas again, regrets welling up.

DAVID (CONT'D)
So much wasted time. I figured he was looking for me but...

His voice trails off, unable to finish.

AURORA
He said you disappeared.

DAVID
'Hiding' would be more accurate.
From myself.
(eyes growing distant)
Something...happened....

70 **INT. COVEN CRYPT - A BRIEF FLASH FROM UW4 - NIGHT** 70

IN A BRIEF FLASH: A DEEP WOUND ON BARE FLESH.

AURORA (O.S.)
What?

71 **INT. COVEN CRYPT - A BRIEF FLASH FROM UW4 - NIGHT** 71

IN ANOTHER BRIEF FLASH: A FEMALE HAND RESTING ON THAT WOUND.

72 **INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT** 72

BACK TO SCENE

David stares out the window, watching the flickering trees whipping past -- Whatever his secret, he's not ready to unburden it now.

DAVID
For a long time I haven't known who I am. *What* I am. Maybe the answer's waiting for me up north.

A BEAT -- Aurora going back to what she's doing, but STOPPING SHORT, suddenly WINCING, her shoulder in sharp physical pain.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What is it?

AURORA
It's nothing.

Doesn't look like it -- David goes to her, inspecting her arm.

DAVID
(realizing)
You caught a chunk of rubble in your shoulder.

AURORA
I'm fine.

DAVID
Show me.

Aurora gingerly cinches down her uniform to reveal a nasty ABRASION -- David reacts, going to the sink, SOAKING A TOWEL in warm water...

DAVID (CONT'D)
What is it with you? You always have to be so goddamn *stoic*. Would it kill you to admit you're in pain?

AURORA
I'm a Death Dealer.

DAVID
Not anymore.

As soon as he says it, he regrets it -- ONE LOOK AT AURORA AND WE CAN SEE THIS NEWS REALLY HITS HOME -- Everything she's worked toward, everything she's been -- *It's over.*

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I know what you gave up for me...Look. Get some rest -- It'll be healed by the time we get north --

He puts the towel to her wound, but, Aurora gets up, heading into the bathroom, closing the door.

73 **INT. TRAIN CAR - BATHROOM - NIGHT** 73

AURORA

Gazes into the mirror -- A LONG BEAT -- Then, all at once, her eyes tick to an AMENITY OF TOILETRIES -- And before she even realizes what she's doing, she pulls a PAIR OF SCISSORS from the pack.

A SERIES OF QUICK IMAGES:

-- REMNANTS of Aurora's HAIR in the sink.

-- Aurora creating a STYLISH SPIKY FOP

-- APPLYING THICK RINGLETS OF BLACK around her eyes.

She STOPS, admiring herself, now not unlike the two Punk-Rock Girls she was watching.

AURORA
(to her reflection)
'What you lookin' at, uh?'

A perfect mimic -- She's about to HEAD OUT...but at the last second she STOPS. Thinks twice.

Fuck it.

She EJECTS the clip from her Glock, SLICKING her fingers with GUN GREASE, rubbing it into her hair to make it STAND-UP.

74 **INT. TRAIN CAR - MOMENTS LATER** 74

Aurora emerges from the bathroom -- A BUTTERFLY from a COCOON.

The look suits her. Badass, sexy and cool.

For the first time in her life, Aurora is free of a Death Dealer's tribal mores and laws.

DAVID

Sees her, stops short -- He SMILES.

DAVID
Not bad.

CUT TO:

75 **EXT. EUROPEAN CITY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 75

Sleek skyscrapers -- A DISTANT SIREN blaring.

76 **INT. DAVID'S TENEMENT - APARTMENT - NIGHT** 76

Now completely TRASHED -- Varga staring intently out the WINDOW at *something unseen* while the rest of the SQUAD work through the tenement -- A Dealer bringing him an OBJECT...

DEATH DEALER #1
We found this.

An EMPTY BLOOD BAG -- *The Blood Bank address stickered to its side* -- Instead of reacting, Varga goes back to the WINDOW -- He's been watching a SET OF INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS in the distance. Suspicious.

DEATH DEALER #1 (CONT'D)
What is it?

VARGA
Nothing.

Whatever it is, he doesn't want to talk about it -- He turns to head out, tossing the empty bag to the Dealer.

VARGA (CONT'D)
(re: the bag)
Meet me at that address in an hour.

77 **EXT. MEAT PACKING PLANT - NIGHT** 77

Varga stands, eyeing the structure from across the street -- *Sensing something* -- He strides closer, and, all at once, we realize this is...

THE MEAT PACKING PLANT.

The LYCAN DEN -- *Varga's hand running over a SMALL GRAFFITTIED SYMBOL emblazoned on the wall, just like the one outside the Alpha Den.*

A BEAT -- Then he QUICKLY SCALES the CHAIN-LINK FENCE -- Nimble as fuck. He's *in*.

78 **INT. MEAT-PACKING PLANT - NIGHT** 78

Varga FORCES a LOCKED DOOR open. Enters. Silent. He looks around. It's cold, the vast space refrigerated as

BEEF SLABS

Hang like cadavers, dozens of them, Varga moving between the hooks, eyes hunting the darkness -- The plant seems empty. Have the Lycans vacated?

Suddenly, a SOUND from the depths -- He's not alone.

Varga pulls his Glock, SLIDING through shadows -- He STOPS, his arm LIGHTLY BRUSHING one slab, the metal hook making a SCRAPING SOUND.

Varga puts his hand to the hook -- The sound STOPS. Silence.

Then...

The PLANT MACHINERY SUDDENLY STARTS UP with a SHRILL SOUND, FROZEN BEEF WHIRRING DIZZYINGLY ALL AROUND VARGA, moving SPEEDILY throughout the ENTIRETY OF THE SPACE.

VARGA'S P.O.V.: Through the BLURRED GAPS between SLABS...

A SHAPE

Barely glimpsed -- First it's here...then it's there.

VARGA

Fires his Glock, BLASTING a CHUNK out of a SIDE OF BEEF -- He SPINS -- Fires AGAIN -- Nothing.

And then...

Something is ON him, Varga's Glock CLATTERING just out of reach, the Death Dealer getting the wind knocked out of him with the force of a FREIGHT TRAIN, Varga looking up to see

MARIUS

He smiles that lupine grin -- And then he does the last thing we'd expect.

He RELENTS -- Standing up.

MARIUS
You need to work on your aim.

VARGA
You need to work on your greeting.

He quickly SNATCHES up his gun as he rises, leveling it at Marius -- The Lycan leader unfazed.

MARIUS
How was I to know you didn't change your mind? Perhaps entertaining thoughts about bringing my pretty little head to your 'Grace' after all?

VARGA
We have a deal.

MARIUS
A 'deal' between enemies? Merely a betrayal waiting to happen.

VARGA
For your sake I hope not.

A BEAT -- Two warriors frozen -- A silent understanding -- And with that, Varga lowers his Glock, Marius PRESSING a BUTTON, the WHIRRING MACHINERY coming to a SHARP HALT as we

CUT TO:

79 **EXT. SCANDINAVIAN CITY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 79

A beautiful city cast in a wintry pall.

Depending on the time of year, this place gets as little as six-hours of sun a day. A great spot to be a vampire.

80 **EXT. CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - NIGHT** 80

David and Aurora's train arrives, they step off, quickly heading toward...

81 **EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT** 81

Aurora FORCES OPEN the door to an SUV, POPPING the ignition shell, working on the wiring -- The engine ROARS to life.

82 **INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT** 82

Aurora at the wheel, driving through the city, David busy eyeing buildings out the window. *Looking for something.*

DAVID
Think they'll talk to us?

AURORA
The *Nordics*? Not exactly known for good manners.

DAVID
Well, neither are we.

The car banks a sharp turn, Aurora's gaze shifting between the road and David, beset by uncertainty.

AURORA
David. Are you sure we should be doing this? You're the rightful heir, our coven --

DAVID
Wants us dead.
(beat)
My father, on the other hand, wanted me to head north. So that's what I'm doing.

A LONG MOMENT -- Aurora torn -- Then all at once, her expression shifts, seeing something -- POINTING out the window.

AURORA
Look. There.

David nods, seeing whatever it is -- Quarrel momentarily forgotten, they pull over, getting out and approaching...

83 **EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT** 83

One of the oldest structures in the city, the brick wall covered with CONCERT BILLS and STREET ADS -- *But beneath the paper something scrawled in PAINT on the stone wall.*

AURORA
Underneath.

She and David RIP AWAY layers of paper, it's like sloughing dead skin -- But once they finally get it off we see:

A LARGE NORDIC SYMBOL

Emblazoned in black paint -- *To anyone else it looks like abstract graffiti...*but Aurora and David know better -- Beneath the etching are a SMALL GROUPING OF NUMBERS. Coordinates.

DAVID
(eyeing the numbers)
Where's that put it?

AURORA
(looks to a mountain range, points)
Up there.

A BEAT -- David looks to her.

DAVID
You don't have to do this.

They're at a crossroads, Aurora gazing back in the direction of the train station -- A BEAT.

AURORA
We'll need climbing gear.

They gaze at the yawning peaks, a sense of forboding as a FRIGID WIND picks up -- The SOUND BECOMING...

84 **EXT. SCANDINAVIAN MOUNTAINS - NIGHT** 84

The ROAR of the SUV TOILING its way up a WINDING PASS -- Everything dusted in virgin snow -- Finally, the car pulls over to the side, David and Aurora getting out.

David studies the wintry landscape. It's breathtaking.

Aurora quickly affixes her weapons to her sides, trudging through the snow and up the rock face, David grabbing up the duffel, following -- Until, finally, they crest a SNOW ENCRUSTED RIDGE, revealing...

A DISTANT STRUCTURE

Medieval -- Made of black stone -- Turrets jutting to the inky night sky. Wordlessly, they strap on climbing gear, heading towards it.

85 **EXT. NORDIC COVEN STRONGHOLD - NIGHT** 85

FAT FLAKES OF SNOW

Drift down as David and Aurora approach the PORTCULLIS of the castle, the surrounding walls imposing not only because of their size but because they're covered in SHEETS OF ICE -- Gorgeous -- And impossible to climb.

David stops, looks to Aurora.

DAVID
Hand me your Glock.

AURORA
(no way)
This is the House of Nordics. You know the rumors. We have no idea what's waiting for us in there.

DAVID
They 'hibernate' in the summer. They 'feed' on their own kind. Nonsense.

AURORA
And you know that because --

DAVID
They're the strange 'distant cousins' nobody likes to talk about. Doesn't make them monsters.
(beat)
We need to do this right.

He's eyeing her gun -- But Aurora's not having it.

AURORA
No --

DAVID
Hand it over --

AURORA
-- This is ridiculous --

DAVID
Aurora. It's an order.

Yes, he's playing that card -- A BEAT between them -- Aurora bristling with resentment, until, finally...

AURORA
(dry)
As you wish, my 'Lord'.

She gives him the Glock, David placing it in the duffel -- And with that, they step to the:

86 **EXT. NORDIC COVEN STRONGHOLD - PORTCULLIS - SAME - NIGHT** 86

A GUARD, armed with both GLOCK and SWORD, stands behind the METAL GRATE, peering at David and Aurora -- Like the castle itself, his dress is from another time.

DAVID
We've come to talk to the Regent.

The Guard's gaze inscrutable -- A BEAT -- David unzipping the duffel, TOSSING the FIVE BAGS OF BLOOD onto the snow.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Already tested. No disease. No drugs. Consider it an offering.

The Guard's eyes flick to the bags.

GUARD
What coven you say you're from?

DAVID
We didn't.

A BEAT -- The Guard studying both of them -- Cold.

GUARD
One moment.

He steps away, MURMURS of him talking with someone, until finally, the gate SLIDES open with a RUSTY SCRAPE, David shooting Aurora a look as they head inside...

87 **EXT. NORDIC COVEN - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT** 87

It's like being transported back in time -- Stone parapets and walkways, everything lightly dusted in snow -- Beautiful -- But then, a FAMILIAR CLICKING SOUND, SHAPES emanating from the snow drifts...

FOUR SENTRIES

Our heroes surrounded, modern weaponry the only thing betraying the archaic surroundings, every gun muzzle targeted on David and Aurora.

David slides Aurora a look, knows what she's thinking.

DAVID
(low)
Aurora. *Wait* --

Too late -- Time hovers -- Flakes of snow hanging SUSPENDED in the frigid air as...

AURORA

A FLURRY of PINPOINTED SPINS and KICKS, instantly DISARMING every Sentry in a heartbeat, their guns dropping to the snow, *clips already discharged.*

Then, all at once, she FREEZES -- Why?

NEW ANGLE: A SWORD TIP

At Aurora's temple.

Slowly, Aurora turns to find an ALBINO FIGURE with PIERCING EYES and STRAW-BLOND HAIR, THICK WOLF FUR draped across his shoulders. This is FREY (35).

FREY
Impressive introduction.

A single GESTURE of his hand, a DOZEN SENTRIES appearing at the parapets, guns leveled.

FREY (CONT'D)
But not impressive enough.

It's impossible to read his icy stare -- A long uncomfortable moment, then...

FREY (CONT'D)
Come with me.

88 **INT. NORDIC COVEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT** 88

Cavernous and dark -- Hard to make anything out -- Quick GLIMPSES of an interior lit by BASTIONS OF CANDLES and a SIMMERING FIRE from a GIANT STONE HEARTH.

SHADOWED FIGURES

Whisper in a foreign tongue as David and Aurora, forcibly led at sword point, pass by, everyone curious and intrigued -- Aurora clocks it all, tense, ready to strike, just looking for an opening.

DAVID
(low, to Aurora)
Let's try to be more civil. We're guests.

AURORA
I'm sworn to protect the bloodline of Amelia. That's what I'm doing.

DAVID
Well you're making me nervous. *Relax*. That's an order.

Frey silently leads them through sprawling corridors, heading down STONE STEPS and into...

89 **INT. NORDIC COVEN - BATH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT** 89

An EARTHEN CHAMBER filled with CAVERNOUS NATURAL MOUNTAIN POOLS -- Each emanating with the SULFURIC HEAT of a bubbling HOT SPRING.

AN OLDER NORDIC MAN

Lounges in a pool of water, a GORGEOUS FEMALE VAMPIRE moving PLAYFULLY in his lap, a DEEP SCAR running across his CHEEK -- This is VIDAR (58). The Nordic coven leader.

Frey bows before him.

FREY
Lord Vidar, these two wish an audience.

Vidar's imperial eye lands upon David and Aurora -- A BEAT -- He rises, emerging from the water, NAKED and UNASHAMED -- The Female lovingly dressing him in a robe.

VIDAR
An 'audience'?

Despite his age, his hand deftly snaps up a sword from the stone floor, the blade making a LOUD SCRAPE -- Aurora tenses, but David shoots her a look.

VIDAR

Slowly advances -- His expression SEVERE, getting extremely close to David, gaze BORING into him -- A BEAT -- The only sound DRIPPING WATER -- Then...

VIDAR (CONT'D)
You have your father's eyes.

And with that, *his face softens into the merest hint of a smile* -- His massive tree-trunk arms GRABBING AHOLD of David, pulling him into an EMBRACE.

VIDAR (CONT'D)
Welcome *home,* David.

'Home?' And off DAVID'S EXPRESSION we...

CUT TO:

90 **EXT. COVEN MANSION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 90

The structure shrouded in cold moonlight as...

91 **EXT. COVEN MANSION - FRONT AREA - NIGHT** 91

Cassius and his entourage head swiftly toward their waiting convoy of vehicles -- They're leaving -- Semera beside Cassius, following him.

SEMERA
-- Lord Cassius, please. One more night and I'm sure --

CASSIUS
(shakes his head)
The survival of the bloodlines demands constant attention, I am sure you understand --

SEMERA
But my ascension --

Cassius veers -- Cutting her off.

CASSIUS
-- Can wait. *Diplomacy*, however, cannot. A lesson you'll need to master to become an effective Regent.

SEMERA
Empty words? Meaningless gestures? I am a creature of war. And who better to lead a coven in a time of battle?

CASSIUS
Our work sometimes calls for delicate hands. Not those of a butcher.

A BEAT between them -- Semera lowering her voice.

SEMERA
You do not wish me to become Regent.

CASSIUS
No. But I cannot stop it...unless you fail to deliver David and Aurora.

SEMERA
I look forward to seeing the disappointment on your face when I deliver their bodies.

Cassius eyes her -- In equal measure weary and wary.

CASSIUS
Serving Lord Viktor poisoned you. I am old enough to remember when the covens held higher ideals than war.

SEMERA
'Ideals' are a luxury our kind cannot afford.

Cassius heads into his waiting vehicle, the car driving away with the rest of his convoy -- All Semera can do is watch -- A BEAT -- Then she pulls her cell phone -- Dials -- Varga PICKS UP.

VARGA (O.S.)
We are close, my Grace...

92 **INT. BLOOD BANK - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 92

Varga stands with the Squad -- It's dark, hard to make things out.

SEMERA (O.S.)
(filtered)
David and Aurora?

VARGA
They took a train north.

A SHARP HISS -- Static? Or Semera realizing their plan?

SEMERA (O.S.)
They're heading to the Nordics. Don't waste any time.

The line clicks 'off', Varga HANGING UP, nodding to the Squad as they head out -- *And it's only now we see a BODY lying DEAD IN A CHAIR*, bruised and beaten.

It's the Night Worker. He's DEAD.

CUT TO:

93 **INT. NORDIC COVEN STRONGHOLD - NIGHT** 93

Vidar leads David and Aurora through the shrouded corners of the castle -- *There's an ethereal grandeur to this coven we haven't yet seen in Vampire culture.*

VIDAR
-- A former home to Kings and Queens, reappropriated by Vampire in the 16th century...

As they walk, NORDIC COVEN MEMBERS stop and watch, intrigued, *each more blonde and beautiful than the last* -- David enjoying their gazes.

DAVID
We seem to be quite the spectacle.

VIDAR
We do not get many visitors. By design. We do as we want...not as others wish us to be.

Aurora seems decidedly less charmed than David with their hosts, still harboring suspicions.

AURORA
And what of the Lycans?

VIDAR
The war has yet to reach our walls. Storms come. Storms pass. Yet we remain.
(looks to David)
From what you've told me, your father's demise is a harbinger of more clouds gathering on the horizon.

He ushers them on, coming to a LARGE WOODEN DOOR...

94 **INT. NORDIC COVEN - VIDAR'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT** 94

David and Aurora step inside, unlike Semera's domicile this space is filled with warmth and CLUTTERED with bric-a-brac.

VIDAR
I consider myself a bit of a collector, bringing the world to our land of blood and ice...

He gestures around, David and Aurora taking in rows of shelves lined with ENDLESS GLASS JARS of SOIL, CHALK, SEA WATER, BARK, LEAVES -- Things of the EARTH -- Vidar rooting through it, looking for something...

VIDAR (CONT'D)
This coven wouldn't exist were it not for Amelia's grace, she gave us her blessing to branch out on our own.

He finds what he's looking for -- A WOODEN BOX -- He reaches inside pulling out

A BEAUTIFUL JEWELED RING

The kind of artifact you could imagine on Cleopatra or Helena of Troy -- Exquisite -- Vidar handing it to David.

VIDAR (CONT'D)
Your mother would've wanted you to have it.

David -- Struck -- A piece of his past sitting in his palm.

DAVID
What do you remember of her?

VIDAR
Her beauty, of course...but, most of all, I remember how much she loved your father. He told me long ago this day might come.
(pointed)
Come...I have something else to give you.

David's gaze slides to Aurora, the sense the two of them are going deeper and deeper down the rabbit hole, David pocketing the ring as we CUT TO:

95 **INT. NORDIC COVERN - BATH HOUSE - NIGHT** 95

Now lit by DOZENS of CANDLES and a WARM FIRE in a stone hearth -- Vidar walks David and Aurora amongst bubbling pools, the smell of SULPHUR wafting the air.

VIDAR
These pools feed from the mountain, and, as legend has it, they show us things we want to see...or things we NEED to see.

David and Aurora exchange a look -- Dubious.

DAVID
Is it true?

VIDAR
It depends on what one needs to see.

With an enigmatic smile, he depress a FULCRUM in the wall, the rock SEPARATING and SPLITTING to reveal a HIDDEN ROOM -- Vidar leading them inside...

96 **INT. NORDIC COVEN - REPOSITORY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT** 96

A subterranean chamber swimming with ARCANE OBJECTS AND STRANGE ARTIFACTS -- Think of it as an attic...albeit one that is centuries old.

VIDAR
It is here I keep my greatest collection...

David and Aurora marvel at the trove, Vidar beset by a tide of memories...

VIDAR (CONT'D)
The Nordics are a proud coven, each chapter in our history protected and nurtured as if it were alive...

He moves through the space, stops, looks to them.

VIDAR (CONT'D)
But no chapter fills me with as much pain and joy as one of our earliest...

His hand finds a BEAUTIFUL GOWN -- He holds it up, to reveal a CRIMSON STREAK of DRIED BLOOD.

DAVID
(eyeing the blood)
What happened?

VIDAR
You, my boy. You.

David and Aurora shoot each other a look, Vidar's gaze growing misty with time and remembrance...

VIDAR (CONT'D)
Your father and mother possessed a love to echo through the ages, destined to be as forbidden as it was strong.

His fingers open a TWINED BOX filed with TATTERED PARCHMENT, each page inscribed in ornate calligraphy...

VIDAR (CONT'D)
Love letters written in secret. Chronicles of their coupling. Amelia an Elder. A grand lady of the Republic. Warm. Gracious. Born with a keen intelligence. Your father her most gifted bladesmith. For them to have a relationship was to defy the laws of the Vampire nation...

His hand comes upon an OMINOUS SPIKED HELMET as worn by Viktor in 'UNDERWORLD EVOLUTION'...

VIDAR (CONT'D)
If Lord Viktor were to find out the nature of their coupling, there would be a grand reckoning. So they kept their secret for years, until one day...

AURORA
Amelia became pregnant.

Vidar looks to her -- Nods.

VIDAR
Thomas and Amelia knew they could have the baby here, the snow and ice home to many secrets.

He turns, looking for something, fingers brushing one artifact after the other as he continues his search.

VIDAR (CONT'D)
They spent many months within the safety of these mountains, as blissful as any couple expecting their first child -- Until the world started to intrude.

As if he were almost reliving the memory -- We HEAR the sound of THUNDERING HOOVES -- Vidar's face growing grave.

VIDAR (CONT'D)
Semera, Viktor's Hand, grew suspicious. She came with a small army, just as Amelia was giving birth...

His hand clutches the blood stained gown tighter as we hear the SOUND OF A BIRTHCRY -- Vidar looking to David.

VIDAR (CONT'D)
This is how you entered the world. A veil of mystery. Encircled by danger. Your father, knowing your discovery would mean your death, spirited you away from our castle just as Semera arrived with her shock troops.
(beat)
Because of his actions, not only did you survive...but your birth remained a secret.

DAVID
And my mother?

VIDAR
Knowing she would never hold her child in her arms again, she gradually diminished, the light in her eyes never the same.

David stares -- Struck.

DAVID
Why did my father want me to return to these walls?

Vidar finds what he's been looking for, turning to David.

VIDAR
To give you this.

His hand comes up with a SWORD -- It's beautiful.

VIDAR (CONT'D)
His greatest work. Infused with both sunlight and silver, knowing one day you would be beset by enemies on both sides.
(beat)
And he was right.

He places the blade in David's hands, the steel GLEAMING in the torchlight -- HOLD ON DAVID -- Grave -- He and Aurora sharing a weighted look.

CUT TO:

97 **EXT. DEEP FOREST - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 97

A FLEET OF BLACK VEHICLES

Navigate a WINDING ROAD, the path snaking through the depths of the forest, everything surrounded by THICK TREES.

98 **INT. CASSIUS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT** 98

Cassius sits in the back, his most trusted Death Dealer beside him (THEODON, 32), staring out the polarized windows, troubled.

CASSIUS
-- Dawn breaks soon. And with it the future of our bloodline...I sense troubling times, Theodon.

THEODON
You don't trust Semera?

CASSIUS
She needs to learn her place in the Council hierarchy --

The car slows, Cassius noticing.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
(to the Driver)
...What is it?

DRIVER
The other cars have come to a stop.

Theodon shoots a look to Cassius.

THEODON
I'll take a look.

He gets out...

99 **EXT. DEEP FOREST - NIGHT** 99

The convoy sits, Theodon joining more Death Dealers as they emerge from the other vehicles to find

A LARGE TREE STUMP

Blocking the road.

100 **INT. CASSIUS' CAR - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 100

Cassius sits.

A tense silence -- The Driver watching as...

101 **EXT. DEEP FOREST - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 101

Theodon confers with the others, working on a plan to move the stump, when all of the sudden, the forest quiet is SPLIT by a HORRIBLE SOUND:

HOWLING

At first one, then OTHERS, the sound CASCADING, growing LOUDER and WILDER, echoing across the SURROUNDING WOODS -- Theodon and the others pulling their Glocks...

102 **INT. CASSIUS' CAR - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 102

The doors LOCK with a LOUD THUNK, the car reinforced with something THICK.

Cassius SWALLOWS as...

103 **EXT. DEEP FOREST - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 103

WEREWOLVES

Emerge from the treeline -- Maws DRIPPING with saliva -- Horrible figures silhouetted in moonlight...beside them Lycans in Human Form also emerge, in their hands Sun Guns, they fire them on with a WHINE.

A BRIEF MOMENT OF SILENCE...until...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The SOUND OF GUNFIRE, the Death Dealers FIRING the FIRST VOLLEY, taking targeted SHOTS as --

THE WEREWOLVES

CLAW FORWARD, RABID and FEVERISH, ATTACKING, the Human Lycans FLANKING them, FIRING Sun Guns as...

THE BATTLE

EXPLODES, EVERYTHING LIT in STROBOSCOPIC BURSTS OF BLINDING WHITE LIGHT, the IMAGES SEARING OUR EYEBALLS as we SEE:

-- A Werewolf -- Terrifying -- FROZEN in MID-LEAP.

-- Death Dealers FIRING their Glocks -- Desperate.

-- A Vampire TORN APART by rabid WOLVES.

-- Theodon BURSTING to ASH as he's hit by a BLAST OF U.V.

It isn't so much a FIGHT, it's a SLAUGHTER -- The Vampires taken down in mere moments as the forest goes silent, everything seemingly suspended in time as...

THE WEREWOLVES

Slowly surround Cassius' car, powerful maws NUDGING it...

104 **INT. CASSIUS' CAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT** 104

The vehicle rocks BACK and FORTH, Cassius TERRIFIED, a SHARP THUD causing him to FLINCH!

105 **EXT. DEEP FOREST - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT** 105

A Werewolf is now on the HOOD of the CAR, metal CRUMPLING under the creature's weight, its yellow eyes gazing through the WINDSHIELD, staring, what's it WAITING for?

106 **INT. CASSIUS' CAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT** 106

A HUMAN HAND

BLASTS through the Driver's WINDOW, glass EXPLODING like shrapnel as the Driver's SAVAGELY YANKED OUT -- Gone in an instant.

CASSIUS

Sits -- Helpless -- Nothing he can do as HIS DOOR gets TORN OPEN like KINDLING, a GROUP OF HANDS snatching him up!

107 **EXT. DEEP FOREST - AT CASSIUS CAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT** 107

Cassius is THROWN ATOP THE ROOF OF HIS VEHICLE, facing upward to see a FIGURE LOOMING BEFORE HIM.

MARIUS

He stares down at his enemy, the Vampire fangs around his neck dangling in Cassius' face...

MARIUS
(re: fangs)
My first kill. Once you get a taste it's hard to stop....

We now see a STRING OF FANGS hanging from a TWINE at his WAIST like INDIAN SCALPS, canines glinting in the moonlight.

CASSIUS
You're a monster.

At this Marius' stares, eyes tinged with nightmares.

MARIUS
Have you seen fathers and mothers strung up on trees and shot before their children? Have you seen brothers and sisters declawed and defanged screaming in agony, begging for death?
(pointed)
We are beasts. But we are what nature made us. Your kind know nothing of the wind, of the wood, of the mountains...

And now he leans forward, RELISHING every next word...

MARIUS (CONT'D)
But look on the bright side.
(beat)
There's nothing a Vampire desires more than to see the sunrise --
And today is your lucky day.

His finger juts toward a DISTANT MOUNTAIN RIDGE, *the sky turning grey as the morning beckons* -- Cassius stares, stoic, accepting his fate -- But his eyes bore into Marius.

CASSIUS
It's too late for me...but ask yourself, when will the killing be enough?
(beat)
End this war. End the suffering.

If his words penetrate, Marius gives no hint, TENSION SLOWLY BUILDING as the sky grows brighter, until, finally...

THE SUN

CRESTS the MOUNTAIN RIDGE, CASSIUS WRITHING IN AGONY as the first rays hit his skin, SMOKE WAFTING from his flesh -- He SCREAMS, his body SLOWLY and PAINFULLY DISSOLVING into ASH.

An awful and undignified death.

Deed now finished, Marius digs through CASSIUS' REMAINS, SIFTING through the dust, finding what he's looking for... CASSIUS' FANGS.

Wordlessly he attaches them to his COLLECTION.

He moves on.

CUT TO:

108 **EXT. NORDIC COVEN STRONGHOLD - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 108

Obscured by SWIRLING MISTS of windblown snow.

109 **INT. NORDIC COVENR - VIDAR'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT** 109

David sits, his world spinning on its axis, leafing through his parent's secret letters -- Vidar and Aurora nearby.

VIDAR
Even if your father was here a short time, his presence is strong. Every choice, every sacrifice. It was for you.

David GRIPS the sword, testing its heft, mind reeling.

DAVID
He forged this for me.

VIDAR
As if he put his very soul into it.

David stares -- Forced to reassess everything he thought he knew about his father.

DAVID
Perhaps if he had this in his hands. His encounter with Semera might have ended differently.

VIDAR
She won't stop until you join him. These walls are made of ice...but they talk...and she will find you.

David nods, solemn -- Knows Vidar is right.

DAVID
I have to face her.

Aurora looks to him, sensing the shift in David -- But Vidar steps forward, something else weighing on his mind.

VIDAR
I've told the coven who you are. They're waiting.

DAVID
Waiting?

VIDAR
You have to understand, Amelia gave so much to us. They wish to see her son in the flesh.

A BEAT -- David placing the sword down, struggling to grasp the full weight of these words as...

110 **EXT. NORDIC COVEN - COURTYARD - NIGHT** 110

FAT FLAKES OF SNOW drift down -- David emerging from the castle to find SCORES OF COVEN MEMBERS -- Seeing him, they KNEEL, bowing...

COVEN MEMBERS/VARIOUS
My Lord...

David steps forward, hesitant -- They reach to him, grasping, touching him as he moves through the throng, voices MURMURING.

COVEN MEMBERS/VARIOUS (CONT'D)
...thank you...thank you...thank you...for everything...

David is SWARMED, pressed in from all sides, the Members gentle touch cascading over him -- To feel so much love, so much warmth...it's amazing...and overwhelming, the weight of his birthright bearing down upon him.

DAVID
...I-I'm sorry, I can't...

He turns, quickly rushing off -- And it's only now we see AURORA -- She's been watching the whole thing, Vidar appearing at her side.

VIDAR
Go to him.

111 **EXT. NORDIC COVEN - COLUMBARIA - NIGHT** 111

The sound of BEATING WINGS.

David stands on the wood floor of a castle turret, circular walls around him studded with a dizzying display of SMALL ALCOVES -- Inside each a nesting WHITE DOVE, DOZENS of them.

David TURNS to find Aurora -- An AWKWARD SILENCE -- Broken as one of the BIRDS leaves its ROOST, FLAPPING high above them.

AURORA
What's it like? To feel the sun on your skin?

David doesn't answer, it's all too much -- Aurora stepping closer, insistent.

AURORA (CONT'D)
I really want to know.

This seems to pull him back, David looking to her, the following coming out before he's even realized he's said it.

DAVID
Like you've been cold your whole life and never realized it.

AURORA
Sounds nice.

It's clear she longs to share that feeling -- A BEAT -- David choking back emotion, never so vulnerable.

DAVID
There's something I need to tell you...
(beat)
The night you followed me, I knew because I spent time with a Death Dealer. A woman.

Aurora -- Whatever she expected David to say this wasn't it -- Her eyes welling with emotion, hit by a sudden spike of jealousy.

AURORA
Did you...

DAVID
It wasn't like that.
(looks to her)
But the reason I can walk in the sun isn't because I'm Amelia's bloodline.

He stops -- Aurora looking to him.

AURORA
What? What happened to you?

112 **INT. COVEN CRYPT - A BRIEF FLASH FROM UW4 - NIGHT** 112

A QUICK FLASH to: David LAYING on the GROUND -- UNMOVING.

DAVID (O.S.)
I *died*.

113 **INT. COVEN CRYPT - A BRIEF FLASH FROM UW4 - NIGHT** 113

ANOTHER QUICK FLASH to UNDERWORLD IV: A FEMALE HAND reaching INTO his CHEST.

AURORA (O.S.)
That's impossible.

114 **INT. COVEN CRYPT - A BRIEF FLASH FROM UW4 - NIGHT** 114

ANOTHER QUICK FLASH: David's eyes BLINKING OPEN. *Alive*.

115 **EXT. NORDIC COVEN - COLUMBARIA - NIGHT** 115

Back to scene:

DAVID
I KNOW...but somehow...she brought me back. She never told me why... but ever since I've been able to tolerate sunlight just like she could.

He stops short -- Staring fixedly at Aurora.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I don't know *what* I am.

Aurora aches for him, wanting so much to take away his pain -- She touches his face, David warming to it, NEEDING it.

They KISS.

Hungry -- Feverish -- Decades of pent up longing finally released, *dozens of birds suddenly taking wing*, a RESOUNDING THRUSH high above them, gathering in force UNTIL...

A BELL

Splits the night-- Its PEAL coming from within the castle -- Some kind of ALARM -- David and Aurora pull back, *a sense of forboding between them*.

They quickly head out.

116 **EXT. NORDIC COVEN - FRONT GATE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT** 116

David and Aurora RACE to the gate to find a GUARD lying on the GROUND -- *Dead* -- Crimson blood STAINING the virgin snow -- *Death Dealers*. They must already be inside the compound.

ALARMED CRIES

Come from DEEP WITHIN the castle, SENTRIES, led by Frey, already hurrying through the courtyard, mobilized -- Aurora looks to David.

AURORA
I have to get you out of here.

But instead, David does the opposite, heading *toward* the SOUND OF TROUBLE, racing INSIDE the castle...Aurora about to give chase but before she can --

A U.V. BULLET

GRAZES HER CHEEK, driving her to the snow, more bullets KICKING up FLURRIES around her -- Fast as a flash, Aurora SNATCHES up a Glock from the fallen Sentry -- FIRING toward her unseen attacker as we CUT TO...

117 **INT. NORDIC COVEN - NIGHT** 117

FLAMES

QUICKLY SPREADING along the walls of the compound, Nordic Coven Members running in PANIC.

DAVID
Vidar...

He heads deeper into the compound, racing up stone steps when suddenly U.V. BULLETS STRAFE THE AIR, kicking up SPARKS of BLUE LIGHT from the stone around him, David SPINNING to see

A DEATH DEALER

Gun BLAZING and HURTLING toward him, but David moves *fast*, JABBING the guy's arm up, SNAPPING it back, the two of them CRASHING through a wooden doorway into --

118 **INT. NORDIC COVEN - COLUMBARIA - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT** 118

The scene of David and Aurora's kiss now a place of CHAOS and VIOLENCE -- David and the Death Dealer GRAPPLING with CONCUSSIVE FORCE between a MADDENING WHIRLWIND of PANICKED WHITE WINGS.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! CHUNKS OF STONE splinter around them as they SMASH back and forth between rounded walls, David CLAMBERING up the bird's alcoves as we CUT BACK TO...

119 **EXT. NORDIC COVEN - COURTYARD - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 119

AURORA

Now PINNED DOWN behind the GUARD'S CORPSE, the lifeless body PEPPERED with U.V. BULLETS -- Bits of blood, flesh and blue light MISTING the frigid air -- She's TRAPPED, until...

AN EXPLOSION

From within the castle SHATTERS a nearby WINDOW, raining CHUNKS OF FLAMING DEBRIS -- Aurora thinks fast, using the distraction to SNATCH up TWO KNIVES from the Guard's body, SCRAMBLING from the snow as

SHE LEAPS

Making it halfway up the CASTLE WALL, the blades BURYING in the THICK RIME OF ICE that layers it -- Aurora swiftly DIGGING her way up, making it to the top to find...

VARGA

LOOMING over her, Glock pointed at her face -- *He's the one that's been shooting at her* -- He COCKS the hammer with a LOUD CLICK as we CUT BACK TO:

120 **INT. NORDIC COVEN - COLUMBARIA - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 120

The fight between David and the Death Dealer ESCALATING, SPIRALLING up the turret, a MAD GRAPPLING DANCE as they JUMP and CLIMB between alcoves, suspended DOZENS OF FEET in the air.

DAVID
-- They're dying out there, we can SAVE them.

But the Death Dealer ignores his pleas, LEVELLING David with a DEVASTATING BLOW, David barely able to hold on as we CUT BACK TO:

121 **EXT. NORDIC COVEN COURTYARD - WALL - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 121

Aurora staring up at Varga's gun barrel, nowhere to move -- Varga's got her dead to rights.

VARGA
I can let you live. Semera doesn't have to know.

His eyes drill into her, his longing for her clear -- Aurora, in pain from her bullet wound, barely able to hang on.

AURORA
What about David?

VARGA
Forget David.

Aurora shakes her head, the FINGERS of her right hand SLIPPING, now DANGLING off the wall.

VARGA (CONT'D)
You need to take me more seriously, Aurora. I've orchestrated things in ways no one can imagine.
(beat)
Our coven will be mine.

AURORA
You're insane --

In one blinding motion she PULLS a BLADE from the ice, BURYING it in Varga's leg! -- He SCREAMS in PAIN, FIRING the Glock!!

But Aurora's already DROPPING, landing in the SNOW, BARELY SCRAMBLING AWAY, the bullets TRACING a line behind her as she makes it into the safety of the compound.

HOLD ON VARGA

Simmering -- A Vampire SCORNED, the SOUND OF CONCUSSIVE EXPLOSIONS from INSIDE THE CASTLE BECOMING...

122 **INT. NORDIC COVEN - COLUMBARIA - SAME TIME - NIGHT** 122

David GETTING SLEDGEHAMMERED by the Death Dealer, the two of them SUSPENDED way up the turret, David trying to maintain his grip, struggling, until...

HE LETS GO.

And as he does, his fingers GRAB his opponent, GRIPPING into him -- A VICE -- The two of them PLUMMETING TOGETHER through endless vertigo, TIME HANGING SUSPENDED, birds FLAPPING WILDLY around them, until --

WHAM! THEY CRASH TO THE GROUND, David LANDING safely ontop the DEATH DEALER, CRUSHING HIM.

David RISES.

GRABS up the warrior's gun from the floor. COCKS the handle -- A tinge of regret in his stare.

He's never killed one of his own kind before.

And with that, he levels the gun at the Death Dealer -- Pulls the trigger -- BOOM! Execution style -- And with a new look in his eyes David PLUNGES out into the maelstrom...

123 **INT. NORDIC COVEN - CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 123

David HURTLES down a FIERY HALLWAY toward Vidar's chambers, Coven Members racing about WILDLY, horrified. It's like the fall of Saigon.

THROUGH THE MADNESS

Two members of the Death Squad SPY David, coming at him -- But David's an unstoppable force -- He levels the gun, expertly FIRING OFF TARGETED SHOTS, killing both like the badass he is.

Without missing a BEAT, HE SMASHES OPEN A WOODEN DOOR, BURSTING into...

124 **INT. NORDIC COVEN - VIDAR'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT** 124

The FIRE hasn't spread in here yet, but the SMOKE has, a BLACK ROILING FOG making it hard to see.

DAVID
(calling out)
Vidar!

He PLUNGES on, coughing and choking, until finally, he finds who he's looking for:

VIDAR

Blade at his throat, behind him a MEMBER OF THE DEATH SQUAD -- David holds the Glock on the Death Dealer, the old man's eyes looking to David's, silently pleading.

VIDAR
David, run --

Too late -- PHWWPT! -- David's hand goes to neck, finds a DART suddenly embedded in it -- All at once, he goes WOOZY, instantly DRUGGED, STAGGERING to the floor.

VARGA

Appears from a veil of smoke, the dart gun in his hand -- *David's been set up* -- Varga pulling a SYRINGE, plunging it into David's arm, quickly drawing a VIAL OF BLOOD.

The Death Squad Member watches -- Confused.

SQUAD MEMBER
What're you doing?

Varga simply pulls his Glock and -- BLAM! -- *Fires a U.V. bullet into the Squad Member's forehead*, killing him instantly -- Then he LEVELS his gun on Vidar -- SHOOTS *him* in the chest.

VIDAR
With your last breath know your House burns as a lesson...
(gets close)
Don't take in stray dogs.

Vidar's inhalations come in LABORED GASPS, clinging to life -- Varga moving on, turning his attention to David.

VIDAR (CONT'D)
And you...
(cold)
You should've stayed away.

He LEVELS the Gun, about to fire, but at the last second --

A BULLET

BLASTS into his shoulder, SPLINTERING bone and flesh as Aurora emerges FROM THE SMOKE, gun in hand -- An angel of vengeance -- Varga doesn't miss a beat, recovering, FIRING BACK and NIMBLY LEAPING out a window, *getting away*.

Aurora crouches to David, he's still woozy from the sedative.

AURORA
Can you walk?

With incredible will power, David struggles, staggering to Vidar, the old Vampire still alive, *barely*.

DAVID
We have to get him out.

Aurora nods, helping him as they hoist the old vampire between their shoulders -- Vidar's chambers quickly consumed by fire.

125 **EXT. NORDIC COVEN - COURTYARD - NIGHT** 125

David, Aurora and Vidar emerge from the castle, backlit by SMOLDERING FLAME, barely making it out as they FALL into the snow, physically spent.

VIDAR

Stares, bereft -- Centuries going up in flames -- Fire reflected forlornly in his eyes.

VIDAR
...all gone...

David GRIPS his hand tightly, Vidar staring into him, *pointed*, his voice straining.

VIDAR (CONT'D)
...When I see your father...will he be proud...?

And with that, Vidar, the Nordic Coven Leader of four centuries, Dies -- A MOURNFUL TABLEAU -- The flames behind them RISING higher, NORDIC MEMBERS starting to gather, horror-struck, SMOKE and DEBRIS settling to reveal:

126 **EXT. NORDIC COVEN STRONGHOLD - SAME - NIGHT** 126

THE NORDIC CASTLE

Now a ruin of SMOLDERING FIRE and RUBBLE, GREY SMOKE filling the FRAME.

CUT TO:

127 **EXT. EURPOEAN FOREST - ESTABLISHING - DAWN** 127

FROM ABOVE: MORNING MIST hovers over a THICK CANOPY OF TREES.

128 **EXT. EUROPEAN FOREST - MORNING** 128

It's quiet -- Only the sound of twigs SNAPPING -- It's here we find Marius, walking through the tall bare trunks of the forest -- All at once, he STOPS...

TWO SKELETONS

Lie on the ground near his feet, bones picked clean of flesh -- We recognize their TORN clothing -- *It's the remains of the young couple Marius offered to the wolves.*

Marius moves past the carnage, heading DEEPER into the woods, coming upon:

129 **EXT. EUROPEAN MOUNTAINS - CAVE MOUTH - SAME - MORNING** 129

THE LARGE CAVE

It's dark mouth beckoning -- But he doesn't enter, instead, he stands in front of it, waiting -- From INSIDE...something STIRS...until, finally, TWO MASSIVE FIGURES EMERGE:

THE ALPHA WOLVES

Their lantern eyes piercing the veil of fog -- Instead of being intimidated, Marius matches their stare.

MARIUS
It's time.

The Alphas rear their heads up, making a LOW GUTTURAL SOUND, letting loose with a FULL THROATY HOWL, the cry GATHERING IN FORCE, reverberating across the forest as...

HOWLS

CASCADE from deep within in the wood, one after another, MORE WOLVES joining in, ECHOING across the landscape, PRIMAL and BESTIAL, the FEROCITY recognizable as only one thing:

A war cry.

CUT TO:

130 **EXT. SCANDINAVIAN MOUNTAINS - NIGHT** 130

The peaks CRESTED with VIRGIN SNOW as...

131 **EXT. FROZEN MOUNTAIN LAKE - NIGHT** 131

A MOURNFUL LINE OF FIGURES

Step onto THICK ICE, in their arms STICKS OF WOOD, each Member adding them to a GIANT PILE, a makeshift torch is DOUSED with oil, set AFLAME, lighting up the dark.

And it's only now we see FREY, he's carrying:

VIDAR'S LIFELESS BODY

Gingerly PLACING it atop the WOOD PILE as the torch touches the timber, fire SPREADING quickly.

David and Aurora stand with the others, watching the ritual, cold air filling their lungs -- David looks to Aurora, the depth of the horrible events sinking in.

DAVID
Why would Semera want my blood?

AURORA
So she can walk in the daylight. Like you?

DAVID'
Maybe...but she doesn't know if it'll work. I don't know if it'll work. It could just as easily kill her...

AURORA
I know Semera. She has a plan. She always does.

A BEAT -- A SILENT UNDERSTANDING passing between them as they stare at the pyre -- The fire now DEVOURING what's left of Vidar's body, the only sound on the mountain the POP and HISS of the pyre.

CUT TO:

132 **EXT. COVEN MANSION - ESTABLISHING - EARLY MORNING** 132

The sky turning pale -- DAWN fast approaching.

METAL GRATES

Slide over the WINDOWS, the mansion on LOCKDOWN.

133 **INT. COVEN MANSION - SEMERA'S CHAMBER - EARLY MORNING** 133

Semera stares at a CLEAR VIAL holding David's blood -- It's *hers* -- Varga is there, already kneeling before her.

VARGA
I failed you...David and Aurora still live.

But if Semera bears any malice, we don't see it, instead we see her mind working on something.

SEMERA
You can still be of use to me.

VARGA
Anything, my Grace.

A dark smile SPIDERS across Semera's face.

SEMERA
Assemble the Council.

134 **INT. COVEN MANSION - COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY** 134

Clad in ceremonial dress, Semera stands before the Three Council Members, Varga beside her -- Her Death Dealers ring the room, silent and protective sentries.

VARGA
-- By the time we tracked David and Aurora to the Nordic Coven it was too late...*David had allowed the Lycans access to the compound*, dozens were killed and the castle destroyed.

The Council stare, aghast at this latest news -- Only one female member manages to speak -- This is PHOLOS.

PHOLOS
And what of the coven leader?

VARGA
Dead...murdered by David himself.

His eyes slide to Semera, the Council too busy to notice, looking to one another, deeply troubled -- Semera stepping beside her loyal 'soldier'.

SEMERA
First Cassius' brutal murder and now the destruction of an entire coven...for years I've given warnings of what Marius is capable of...but no one listened --

PHOLOS
-- We must inform the World Council, confer with the coven heads --

SEMERA
There's no time, the tide of battle has swung, further delay only gives the Lycans greater advantage.

PHOLOS
What do you propose?

SEMERA
Grant me the status of Regent and I will win this war for you.

This has been Semera's end game the whole time -- Pholos, alone amongst the Council, rises, looking to the others.

PHOLOS
Giving Semera the reins to war is suicide, she won't stop until both sides are obliterated.

But another COUNCIL MEMBER looks to her, unsure.

COUNCIL MEMBER #1
Cassius is dead, the Nordics destroyed. All in a matter of *days* -- What else would you have us do?

PHOLOS
Talk to the World Council -- It's what Cassius would have wanted.

The other members weigh this -- After a moment they NOD their agreement with Pholos -- A BEAT -- Semera's gaze shifting, not ready to give up.

SEMERA
This Council has always been ineffectual...I hoped with Cassius gone you'd find a hidden strength.
(beat)
I was wrong.

At her signal...

THE DEATH DEALERS

Pull their Glocks, aiming them toward the Council -- *We're witnessing a coup* -- The Council reacts.

PHOLOS
What is the MEANING of THIS --

SEMERA
(cutting her off)
-- If this Council is too weak to protect our bloodline then, in the name of Lord Viktor, it is my duty to take action --

PHOLOS
-- Lord Viktor is DEAD.

The coldest of smiles on Semera's lips, the Death Dealers LEVELING their weapons, Semera's face darkening.

SEMERA
Who of you will join me?

This is not so much a question, but an order -- The Council exchanging wary looks -- A BEAT -- Pholos looks to Semera.

PHOLOS
I speak not only in my name but Cassius' when I say we do not recognize your authority over this Council. And we NEVER will.

Semera pulls her CEREMONIAL SWORD -- Her intention clear -- She steps to Pholos, the blade WINKING in the light, its metal edge *thirsty* for blood.

SEMERA
Your response has been noted.

Tesion rises, Pholos standing STOICALLY as Semera RAISES her sword, about to BRING IT DOWN...but, at the last second --

135 **INT. COVEN MANSION - COUNCIL CHAMBER - DOORS - SAME - DAY** 135

THE CHAMBER DOORS

BURST OPEN revealing TWO FIGURES SILHOUETTED IN THE LIGHT -- *David and Aurora* -- Aurora wielding TWIN GUNS -- Semera spinning to her Dealers, eyes BOILING.

136 **INT. COVEN MANSION - COUNCIL CHAMBER - SAME - DAY** 136

SEMERA
What are you WAITING for -- Kill the Lycan *dogs* --

But David steps forward, *a new look in his eyes* -- STRONG -- IMPERIAL -- His father's sword sheathed at his side -- His eyes pinning the room with his stare.

DAVID
Everything Semera says is a lie. And I can prove it.

Fast as a flash, *his hand reveals AMELIA'S RING, TOSSING it to Pholos* -- Only now do we see there is a TINY RECEPTACLE in the HEART of it.

DAVID (CONT'D)
My mother's.
(to Pholos)
Open it.

Pholos presses a fulcrum, TINY PANES sliding open atop the ring to REVEAL a HOUSING OF A SINGLE DROP OF BLOOD -- Pholos smelling it.

PHOLOS
(recognizing the scent)
Amelia's.

David nods -- And, in what we sense is a bloodrite tradition, Pholos RAISES THE RING, letting the DROP spill onto her TONGUE.

THE CAMERA

ZOOMS INTO PHOLOS' EYE, PUSHING PAST THE DARKNESS OF THE PUPIL AS: A QUICK SERIES OF FLASHES:

137 **INT. NORDIC COVEN - CRYPT - NIGHT** 137

-- A WOMAN GASPING IN PAIN FROM CHILDBIRTH.

138 **INT. NORDIC COVEN - CRYPT - NIGHT** 138

-- VIDAR DELIVERING DAVID INTO HER ARMS.

139 **INT. COVEN MANSION - COUNCIL CHAMBER - SAME - DAY** 139

BACK TO SCENE

Pholos STANDS -- INSTANTANEOUSLY KNOWING EVERYTHING -- She comes out of her reverie -- Looks to the Council, struck.

PHOLOS
It's true.
(beat)
Amelia is David's mother. He's the last of the Purebloods.

Aurora looks to the room, guns trained -- Defiant.

AURORA
Semera knew David had the birthright, that's why SHE killed his father...*AND had Varga murder Vidar*.
(pointed)
I witnessed all of it.

This information is like a silent bomb going off -- David's eyes burning into Semera.

DAVID
In the name of my mother AND father ...I claim this coven as my own.

A challenge -- But Semera stands, surprisingly undaunted, the following words meant for the Council as much as David...

SEMERA
Lord Viktor taught me well. His first lesson? If you want to be a leader...you need to be ready to destroy the thing you love the most...
(beat)
We both know you're not ready.

She's eyeing Aurora, hand curling to her sword, poised to strike, but before she has a chance to attack, she FREEZES. Why...?

ALL AROUND HER

TRAILS OF LOOSE RUBBLE ARE DRIFTING DOWN FROM THE CEILING -- A sudden LOW RUMBLE REVERBERATING through the chamber, growing LOUDER *as the CAMERA slowly PUSHES through the DEPTHS OF THE MANSION*:

140 **INT. COVEN MANSION - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAY** 140

PORTRAITURE along the walls, VIBRATING...

141 **INT. COVEN MANSION - LOBBY - SAME TIME - DAY** 141

A MASSIVE CHANDELIER

TREMORING, centuries old crystal and glass TINKLING...the RUMBLE GROWING LOUDER as...

142 **INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER - SAME TIME - DAY** 142

We HOLD TIGHT on Varga's face, STRUCK by a SENSE OF DREAD and HORRIFYING REALIZATION.

VARGA
Marius.

His face flickers with BETRAYAL -- And, as if on CUE...

143 **EXT. COVEN MANSION - SAME TIME - DAY** 143

A SEETHING TIDE OF WEREWOLVES clamber feverishly over the METAL GATE, DESTROYING it with their WEIGHT and CLAWS, QUICKLY SWARMING over the GUARDS and SENTRIES -- Epic and swift -- And standing amongst the tide is...

MARIUS

In his hand a ROCKET LAUNCHER.

He raises the Launcher to his SHOULDER and FIRES --

144 **INT. COVEN MANSION - LOBBY - SAME TIME - DAY** 144

BOOOOOOM!!!!! The FRONT DOOR EXPLODES OPEN as

DOZENS OF WEREWOLVES

RABIDLY POUR THROUGH the OPENING in a SEEMINGLY ENDLESS ASSAULT -- *Amongst their ranks we now see Human Lycans wielding Sun Guns, Marius amongst them.*

MARIUS
Spare no one.

A FAMILIAR WHINE fills the grand space as the Guns FIRE UP, the pack CHARGING onward, SCRAMBLING toward the LOOMING MAZE OF CORRIDORS and UP THE CASCADING STAIRWAY, heading DEEPER into the mansion...

145 **INT. COVEN MANSION - COUNCIL CHAMBER - SAME TIME - DAY** 145

In the distance, the SOUND of the first GUNS being FIRED -- *Everyone realizing they're under attack* -- Aurora locks eyes with Varga and the other Dealers.

AURORA
We have to get to the Armory.

Whatever the situation, THEY'RE ALL ON THE SAME SIDE NOW -- *David shooting Semera a 'this isn't over' look, heading out with Aurora* as we CUT TO...

146 **INT. COVEN MANSION - DEATH DEALER ARMORY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY**

David, Aurora, Varga and the remaining Death Dealers, everyone quickly SNAPPING UP weapons off the wall, bodies bristling with GUNS, KNIVES, AMMO -- It's time to go to war.

Aurora hands a PACK OF BULLETS to David.

AURORA
Silver nitrate foil capsules, custom made and complete with high fracture hollow-point tips. You hit a Lycan with one of these and --

DAVID
(gets it)
Permanent hibernation.

He GRABS up a gun, LOADS it -- He's about to leave, stops, SPIES *another pack of labeled bullets*, pulling Aurora aside.

DAVID (CONT'D)
U-V charged, right? Take as many as you can carry.

AURORA
What are we hunting? Lycans or Vampire?

DAVID
Both.

And off a BESTIAL GROWL we CUT TO:

147 **INT. COVEN MANSION - MAIN CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAY** 147

Chaos -- The Werewolf Pack RAMPAGING through the mansion in an EPIC SWEEP, taking down VAMPIRES -- A *bloodbath*.

WE FOLLOW PHOLOS

As she RUNS through the melee -- Terrified -- Barely able to evade the MARAUDING CREATURES -- She GRABS up a FALLEN VAMPIRE, trying to help him.

PHOLOS
Hurry, this way --

But the Vampire TURNS TO ASH in front of her eyes, hit by a TARGETED BLAST from a SUN GUN -- The floor SUNBURNED with his SILHOUETTE, Pholos turning to FLEE but instead finds...

A SLAVERING WEREWOLF

The creature looming over her, maw opening wide, about to POUNCE -- until -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! -- It gets RIDDLED WITH BULLETS -- DEAD -- The CREATURE COLLAPSING to reveal...

DAVID AND AURORA

Guns smoking -- David eyes Pholos, geared for battle.

DAVID
Head for the mines. Tell everyone. Stay there.

Pholos nods, shaken, but glad to be given a mission -- David and Aurora already moving on, the CAMERA FOLLOWING THEM AS...

WE WATCH THEM WORK

SPINNING BACK-TO-BACK, FIRING OFF BULLETS, TOSSING SHURIKEN and BURYING DAGGERS in HUMAN LYCANS and WEREWOLVES alike!! They make an INCREDIBLE TEAM -- Each having the other's flank.

It feels good -- But no time for medals -- The ONSLAUGHT continues, MORE WEREWOLVES COMING, *too MANY* -- They won't have a CHANCE.

David pulls two guns, looks to Aurora.

DAVID (CONT'D)
At least we die together.

A pyrrhic victory at best -- Both of them locking eyes -- Ready to go down swinging, but then, all at once...

A MECHANICAL ROAR

Growing LOUDER -- REVERBERATING -- Aurora and David only having a second to wonder what's happening as --

148 **INT. COVEN MANSION - LOBBY - SAME TIME - DAY** 148

A CONVOY OF TRUCKS!!

PUNCH THROUGH THE REMAINING WALL OF THE LOBBY WITH A QUAKING BOOOOOOOOM!! SUNLIGHT POURING THROUGH AS THE TRUCKS CRASH TO A STOP!!! THE BACK OF TRUCKS OPENING TO REVEAL --

NORDIC WARRIORS

ON FUCKING HORSEBACK -- CLAD IN TELL-TALE MEDIEVAL COVERING ARMOR, PROTECTING THEM FROM THE SUN -- FREY AT THE LEAD -- A SWORD IN HIS HANDS.

FREY
ATTACK!

WITH A CHEER, THE NORDICS ENTER THE MAELSTROM, HORSES CHARGING THROUGH THE LOBBY AND UP THE STAIRWELL, SWORDS CLEAVING THE AIR AS THEY SLAUGHTER HORDES OF WEREWOLVES AND LYCANS!

The calvary is here.

149 **INT. COVEN MANSION - MAIN CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAY** 149

DAVID AND AURORA

Watch, awestruck as Frey and his warriors THUNDER up the corridor like VAGNERIAN GODS, laying waste with their swords, we've never seen anything like it.

With RENEWED VIGOR David and Aurora wade back into battle, KICKING and SPINNING -- A two man/woman Death Squad -- But then, all at once --

FREY

Gets YANKED from his mount, taken down by a HUMAN FIGURE -- *Aurora spying a tell-tale TWINE OF FANGS dangling from the assailant's waist.*

Aurora KNOWS who it must be.

AURORA
Marius.

She looks to David -- He nods, getting it.

DAVID
He killed Galen. Go.

A last shared look between them, David forced to VEER as he fends off an attacking Lycan, Aurora CHARGING forward, heading straight toward

MARIUS

Looming over a now PINNED Frey, the massive warrior STRUGGLING as MARIUS EFFORTLESSLY TAKES OUT MEMBERS OF THE 'DEATH SQUAD', WITH A GUN IN ONE HAND AND A BLADE IN THE OTHER. A God Of War.

No one can touch him.

Marius LEVELS his gun at Frey, KICKING off the Nordic warrior's HELMET, pointing the barrel at Frey's face, about to FIRE, when --

A BULLET

SLAMS into his CHEST, sending him SKIDDING across the STONE FLOOR -- He turns to see Aurora, gun RELOADING...he rips open shirt to reveal a bullet-proof vest. Smiles.

He is a 'beast' who loves a good fight.

MARIUS
I know who *you* are.

And with that he LAUNCHES at Aurora, the two INSTANTLY GRAPPLING, Marius nimbly stripping her of EVERY WEAPON in seconds, the fight SPILLING down a STAIRWAY into the BOWELS OF THE MANSION as we CUT TO:

150 **INT. COVEN MANSION - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAY** 150

David MID-ACTION -- FINISHING OFF that attacking Human Lycan, THRUSTING a SILVER-EDGED GAUNTLET into his NECK -- He SPINS, myriad fights ROLLICKING around him, looking for --

DAVID
(calling out)
Aurora.

But she's GONE -- *No sign of her* -- He's about to give chase, but before he can...

A FEMALE FIGURE

Steps into the corridor, SWORD AT THE READY -- Of course... it's Semera.

SEMERA
Hope you put up a better fight than your father.

David PULLS his father's sword, fingers CURLING to the hilt, these two gearing up for an epic battle, HURTLING forward, SWORDS CRASHING TOGETHER as we CUT BACK TO...

151 **INT. COVEN MANSION - LOWER CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAY** 151

WHAM! -- Aurora GETTING TOSSED BRUTALLY AGAINST A PILLAR with supernatural force, the stone CRUMBLING around her -- Marius too strong. Too fierce. *She's no match for him.*

With every sentence of the following he LANDS another BLOW.

MARIUS
You fight with heart. But heart isn't enough. You need something more.

Aurora CRUMPLES, Marius about to go in for the kill -- But at the last second --

VARGA

Attacks with a SILVER BLADE, burying it in Marius' back -- The Lycan BELLOWS, PULLING out the knife, GRABBING Varga by the neck, lifting him off the ground.

VARGA
(strangled)
This wasn't my plan.

MARIUS
It was mine.

With OTHERWORLDLY FEROCITY, he SNAPS Varga's neck, killing him instantly -- He turns back to Aurora...*but she's gone* -- Aurora already disappearing into the darkness at the end of the corridor.

MARIUS (CONT'D)
You can run from the wolf...but the wolf will always find you.

A quick look back from Aurora -- We sense she's BAITING him -- Marius quickly GIVING CHASE, spurred by a PRIMORDIAL URGE as old as predator and prey, the POUNDING OF HIS FEET GIVING WAY TO...

152 **INT. COVEN MANSION - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - DAY** 152

THE KLANG! OF STEEL -- David and Semera MID-COMBAT -- The battle SPILLING through the corridor as the LARGER FIGHT RAGES around them.

SEMERA
(surprised)
You're fast.

She LUNGES, David REARING BACK at the last second, Semera's blade BURYING in the wall next to his head -- She eyes him, BLOCKING HIS THRUST, *sensing something.*

SEMERA (CONT'D)
You have more than Amelia's blood in your veins.

His blade WHIRLS, strong and swift -- The battle spilling into...

153 **INT. COVEN MANSION - ARCHIVAL ROOM - SAME TIME - DAY** 153

A LABYRINTH OF SHELVES, Semera unrelenting, her blade piercing the aged wood, David barely evading getting sliced in two.

SEMERA
Your mother brought shame on this House. She never loved our Lord...*I* was Viktor's TRUE bride.

David nimbly COUNTERS her attack, the combat escalating, both opponents LEAPING and FINDING FOOTHOLDS HIGH and LOW amongst the tables and shelves in a GRACEFUL DANCE.

ALL AROUND THEM

LEATHER TOMES splinter and tumble like orbiting birds, ancient parchments SHREDDED and CHOPPED, their swords a WHIRLWIND of FLASHING STEEL.

The battle RAGES deeper into the archives as...

ON THE WALL

A PORTRAIT OF VIKTOR -- The image looming above the fray -- Imperious -- Challenging.

SEMERA (CONT'D)
Look in *his* eyes. See what real power looks like. You're no leader. You don't have what it takes.

DAVID
To lie? *Murdering* your own kind --

SEMERA
That's war. That's *power*.

David's blade leaps to meet her's.

DAVID
And what of Marius? Your 'great enemy'.

SEMERA
Let him tear this place part. I have my eye on bigger things.

David stares -- Realizing.

DAVID
The World Council.

Semera nods, sword biting the air -- Gazing to Viktor's portrait.

SEMERA
And nothing will stand in our way.

'Our' way? Has she gone mad? David SLASHES the painting with a well-placed STRIKE, eviscerating Viktor's image -- Semera CHARGES, enraged as we CUT BACK TO...

154 **INT. COVEN MANSION - CATACOMBS - SAME TIME - DAY** 154

Marius HURTLING deeper beneath the structure, eyes STALKING the darkness, *the polished marble of the mansion having now given way to EARTHEN WALLS*.

MARIUS
Lycans are the beast locked inside man, but Vampire are different. You're *unnatural*. Nothing but poison racing through your veins.

He edges onward through the encroaching blackness, at home in the dark.

MARIUS (CONT'D)
Make it easy on yourself. Stop running and I'll kill you quick.

Not likely -- Aurora STRIKING from the darkness -- A PUNCH to one side, a HIGH KICK to the other. Brutal and swift -- Before Marius can react, she RACES ONWARD, the CATACOMBS NOW FEEDING INTO...

155 **INT. ABANDONED SILVER MINE - SAME TIME - DAY** 155

The DEPTHS of the mountain -- A NETWORK of OLD BEAMS and METAL CHAINS bisecting the cavern -- Marius enters, surrounded by RUSTING EQUIPMENT, *the remnants of what was once a vital part of the vampire network.*

Aurora could be hiding anywhere -- Marius unfazed.

MARIUS
I don't need weapons to kill you ...or FIND you. Your scent betrays you...

He SPINS just in time to see Aurora REARING up from behind a rock, PICK-AXE in hand -- WHAM! -- She BURIES the axe in Marius' abdomen!

Marius' tosses her with an ARM STRIKE, recovering quickly, YANKING the weapon out, tossing it ASIDE.

MARIUS (CONT'D)
That's your big trick?

He KICKS Aurora with SLEDGEHAMMER FORCE, sending her SPRAWLING into a TANGLE OF DANGLING CHAINS, Aurora hanging suspended, tangled, unable to recover as...

MARIUS (CONT'D)
Let me show you a trick of my own, something to light up the darkness...

HIS NAILS

GROW into POINTED CLAWED TALONS, their 'skin' GLINTING WITH U.V. LIGHT.

MARIUS (CONT'D)
Modified with sunlight.

And with that, he BURIES his CLAWS in Aurora's CHEST -- Aurora's EYES GOING WIDE -- *A horrible realization she's going to die.*

MARIUS

PULLS his talons from her chest, Aurora GASPING, DROPPING to the cavern floor as he LOOMS over her -- No pleasure on his face -- He lives for the battle -- Not the victory.

MARIUS (CONT'D)
This is the start -- My pack will cut down every coven until there isn't a vampire left.

AURORA

Sprawled at his feet, BLACK WEBS OF SICKNESS SPREADING through her veins as she gazes up at Marius...*and then she does the last thing we'd ever expect*...She SMILES.

SHE WAS *LEADING* MARIUS TO THIS VERY SPOT.

AURORA
This one's for Galen.

AND IN ONE BLINDINGLY SWIFT MOVEMENT SHE REACHES UP TO A SINGLE METAL CHAIN.

She PULLS IT.

A DEAFENING MECHANICAL ROAR, MARIUS LOOKING UP AS...

A TWO-TON PILE OF SILVER DUST

RAINS UPON HIM LIKE THE WRATH OF GOD, POURING FROM AN OVERHEAD BIN IN A SEETHING TIDE -- HE SPUTTERS AND CHOKES, BREATHING IN FINE PARTICLES AS HE GETS BURIED BY THE SILVER.

Until finally, the silver TRICKLES TO A STOP...

The only sound now is MARIUS' STRUGGLING FOR BREATH...*any other Lycan would be dead*...but somehow he MANAGES TO RISE LIKE A DEMON, LUNGING TOWARD AURORA, ready to CRUSH HER.

AURORA

Using the last of her strength, REACHES UP, grasping onto a ROTTED BEAM...

AURORA (CONT'D)
And this one's for me.

With a PINPOINTED KICK, she SENDS MARIUS --

156 **INT. ABANDONED SILVER MINE - ABYSS - SAME - DAY** 156

OVER THE ABYSS

His body TUMBLING WILDLY into YAWNING DARKNESS, until, all at once, he's GONE.

157 **INT. ABANDONED SILVER MINE - SAME - DAY** 157

AURORA watches -- A brief of moment of satisfaction.

But then --

A MIGHTY CLAWED HAND!

Emerges from the BLACKNESS, grabbing onto the EARTH as SOMETHING pulls itself up...

MARIUS NOW IN WEREWOLF-FORM!!

And he's FUCKING HIDEOUS -- HIS VISAGE SCARRED -- SHARP AND CRUEL FANGS -- EYES SPARKLING LIKE FIRE.

And he's coming for Aurora.

His DEAFENING GROWLS fill our EARS as...

158 **INT. COVEN MANSION - ARCHIVAL ROOM - SAME - DAY** 158

Semera's sword RAINS DOWN on a fallen David, metal SPARKING THE SHADOWS BETWEEN THEM until DAVID'S SWORD SHATTERS -- David lying BLOODIED, BRUISED and DEFEATED before her.

SEMERA
I almost wish your father was alive to see this...his ridiculous dream the very thing that kills you.

She's about to go in for the kill, but then...

DAVID

Pulls a Glock from behind his back, aims it at her -- *He's been toying with her.*

DAVID
When you see him...and you will in a second...tell him he was right.

HE FIRES!

A BEAT as we HOLD TIGHTLY ON HER FACE -- And then with a SLOWLY DAWNING REALIZATION, Semera RELAXES, LAUGHING, realizing --

SEMERA
You missed.

DAVID
Did I?

Semera SPINS to see the bullet HIT a CONTROL PAD, as, all at once...

BEHIND HER

THE METAL GRATE over the window SLIDES UP, bathing the chamber in SUNLIGHT.

WHOOOOSH! Semera is HIT with BLINDING SUNRAYS, no time for her to react, her face FROZEN IN A HORRIFIED SCREAM as, *instantly,* she CRISPS into...A PERFECT STATUE OF ASH.

Everything goes quiet.

David -- Manages to stand, LIMPING toward her...

He slowly reaches out his hand, unfurling a SINGLE FINGER...

He touches Semera's 'forehead'...and like the most macabre sand castle you've ever seen...'*Semera*' *COLLAPSES, her ashes SCATTERING across the chamber floor...*

David STARES at the dust, *all that's left of the woman who killed his father* -- A single thought now on his mind.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(troubled)
Aurora...

And off a GUTTURAL ROAR we CUT TO...

159 **INT. ABANDONED SILVER MINE - SAME TIME - DAY** 159

THE WEREWOLF

TEETH BARED, looming over his prey, sunlight now having SPREAD further into Aurora's body like a poison, she's in no shape to defend herself.

She TRIES TO CRAWL, but --

The Werewolf's MIGHTY PAW claws onto her leg, YANKING her slowly back, feverishly PULLING her toward his FETID JAWS, its MAW opening WIDE, until...BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

THREE SILVER BULLETS

EXPLODE into the creature's chest -- Aurora looks up to see...

DAVID

He stands, gun drawn, FIRING ONE LAST SHOT into the werewolf's SKULL. BLAM!

When Aurora TURNS BACK, the Werewolf has transformed into Marius. He stares, distant, blood LEAKING from the bullet hole in his forehead, SMUDGING his unblinking eyes.

A WELL PLACED KICK

From Aurora sends him SPRAWLING over the CLIFF as we *hear* him LAND WITH A SICKENING WET SNAP.

He's DEAD.

David goes to Aurora, examining her wounds, BLACK VEINS OF POISONED LIGHT now WEBBED across her face as she manages to choke out...

AURORA
Semera?

'Did he kill her?' -- David nods, Aurora smiling wanly, a nice moment between them -- But then Aurora winces in SHARP PAIN, *she only has seconds.*

DAVID

Desperate -- Feverish -- BITES at his WRIST, *drawing blood* -- Holding the wound to Aurora's lips...

DAVID
Her blood saved me...maybe it can save you. Drink.

Aurora does, CRIMSON LIQUID spilling down her throat -- She begins to CONVULSE, limbs FLAILING, until, all at once...she STOPS. *Unmoving.*

She's dead.

David was too late -- He sits, holding her now lifeless body -- Consumed with grief -- Suddenly, a HAND lands on his shoulder.

David SPINS to find...

FREY

He stands, covered in blood, joined by the rest of his surviving brethren -- Others coming out of the shadows, coven members who were hiding in the mines, led by Pholos.

FREY
We've done it...we've won.

Cold comfort -- Everyone gathering around David, taking in his sorrow -- Blinking -- Struck by the collective horror that's taken place.

They look to David, wanting to offer solace...

But they can't.

David CLUTCHES Aurora's body, GRIPPING her tight...the tears coming freely now...landing upon her face...until, all of the sudden, David notices something...

Aurora's right hand...

Her finger. It's *twitching.*

He looks to...

AURORA'S FACE...

The black lines lacing her skin now retreating, her eyes FLICKERING DELICATELY OPEN to find David -- She reaches, weak, touching his cheek. She's HEALING.

DAVID
(smiles warmly)
I have something to show you.

160 **EXT. MOUNTAINS - OUTSIDE THE COVEN MANSION - DAY** 160

David EMERGES from the cavern CARRYING Aurora, *sunlight landing on BOTH of them* -- Glorious -- David placing Aurora onto the ground, the two of them standing side by side, taking in the magnificent view.

Aurora drinks the sun in, warmth RADIATING over her body.

We hold on this TABLEAU.

Then...A BEAT -- David looking to Aurora -- Something's wrong.

DAVID
What is it?

Aurora turns to him, troubled.

AURORA
If Semera didn't want your blood
for *herself*...why'd she want it?

WE HOLD ON DAVID -- Momentarily pondering -- Then, all at once, he's hit by a STARK REALIZATION, Aurora GRIPPED by the same unspoken thought as we CUT TO....

161 **EXT. COVEN MANSION - FRONT AREA - DAY** 161

The CAMERA *pushing* through the SHATTERED REMAINS of the front door, GLIDING past splayed LYCAN BODIES and VAMPIRE DUST...

AURORA (V.O.)
Today's battle was won...but tomorrow is more uncertain than ever...

162 **INT. COVEN MANSION - ASSORTED ROOMS - DAY** 162

THE CAMERA continues deeper into the mansion, PLUNGING between floors and DROPPING into...

163 **INT. COVEN MANSION - CRYPT - DAY** 163

WE PUSH past SUNKEN STEPS and POLISHED FLOOR, *finding the CRACKED REMAINS of the GLASS VIAL that once contained David's Blood, now EMPTY.*

AURORA (V.O.)
The only way to survive? Face the challenges together -- But in a world where old enemies become new threats...
(beat)
Will it be enough?

The CAMERA *glides* forward, finally coming to rest on:

LORD VIKTOR'S CRYPT

The stone CRACKED and SMASHED OUTWARD...*like someone broke out from the INSIDE.*

He's *ALIVE.*

FADE TO BLACK